

SONGS

PRESENTED
TO
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
BY

David C. Hinmoley
April 1908

Presented to the Library
of Toronto University
by the author. J. C. Hinman

Received of the
of the
of the
of the

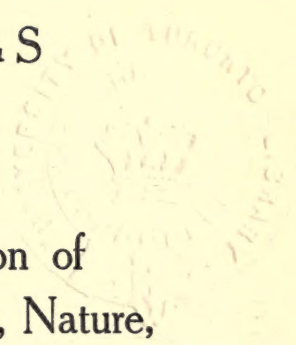


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



LE
N7135

SONGS



A Collection of Church, Home, Nature, Soul and Miscellaneous Songs

BY

DAVID C. NIMMO

86793
—
715108

*Press of Frank H. West
Detroit, Mich.*



COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY DAVID C. NIMMO

CONTENTS

CHURCH SONGS.

CROWN HIM. No. 1.....	7
A HOLY HEART	8
HAIL, SABBATH MORN!	9
ARISE, OH CHURCH! No. 1.....	10
MAKE ME, OH JESUS!	12
MISSIONARY. No. 1	13
FELLOWSHIP	14
THE BREAD OF LIFE. No 1.....	15
THE MERCY SEAT. No. 1	16
GLORIFY THY NAME!	17
GOD'S PRESENCE	18
CONVICTION	20
OH FOR A FAITH!	21
OH SPIRIT HELP.....	22
THE BANQUET	23
THANKSGIVING HYMN. No. 1	24
OH LOVE OF GOD COME IN.....	26
THE MERCY SEAT. No. 2.....	27
ARISE, OH CHURCH	28
LIFE, LOVE AND LIGHT.....	29
THE BREAD OF LIFE. No. 2.....	30
SOUL REFINER	31
COME, SPIRIT, COME!	32
CROWN HIM. No. 2	33

NATURE SONGS.

THE AZURE DOME	35
THE ROSE	43
THE NORTHERN LIGHTS	46
A SAUCER OF PANSIES	51

Nature Songs—Continued

HAIL SPRING-TIME	53
METEORS AND STARS	54
THE ROBIN	56
THE SONG OF THE GREEN TREE.....	60
SUMMER	64
NIGHT	70
THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.....	92

HOME SONGS.

A MOTHER'S DREAM-SONG	99
CHILDREN'S BED-SONG	101
INFLUENCE OF BABY	103
FAT MEDICINE	104
THE REJECTED'S FAITH	106
A LOVER'S SONG	107
A WOMAN'S WAY	108
THE ANNIVERSARY	109
THE NEW ADVICE	112
WOMAN	112
THE BEST BABY	113
THE WISH	115
THE BABY SHOW	121
YOUNG MOTHERHOOD	125
BECAUSE IT'S YOU, MY DEAR.....	129
BOYHOOD'S HOME	132
THE WHISTLING GIRL	133
THE WIFE'S RETURN	135

SOUL SONGS.

HOW SWIFT?	139
DRIVEN	139
OUR LIFE	140
AN APPEAL	140
PETER TAUGHT	147
A BOY AGAIN	149
"NEVER SUFFERED"	150
KNOWLEDGE	153
MONOPOLY CHRISTIANS	154
THE YEARS	161

Soul Songs—Continued

A CONFLICT	162
WEARY	170
THE LAST JOURNEY	170
PROGRESS	171
DECEPTION	172
FIT TO LIVE	176
SIGHT	180
DONALD'S ANSWER	180
HELL FIRE	181
DAMN THE POLICE	186
THE DEPARTED	191
NEED, GREED AND MEED.....	194
A WORLD SIGH	195
OUR DAY	213
YOUTH AND AGE	213
LOST AND FOUND	214
SONG AND SIGH	215

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

THE POET'S ADVICE	217
THE DREAM	224
TIME'S IMMORTAL	228
GOD OF THE UNITED STATES	229
TO THE MUSICIAN	246
SONG OF THE ART CRITIC	248
A POET'S LAMENT	250
A NATIONAL SONG	253
THE FIFTH STRING	255
THE AMERICAN EAGLE	258

CHURCH SONGS

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

No. 1

Crown him with many crowns!
Prophet and priest and king,
Immortals, splendors and renowns
Around his throne now sing!
Crown him with many crowns!
Their oceanic voice
Is swelling, and all music drowns
To blend and co-rejoice.

He is the Lord of love!
Divine effulgent throne,
Father and seraphs ranked above
For us he did disown.
Down unseen golden stair,
By strange incarnate birth,
His Godhead veiled yet shining fair
He lived and loved on earth.

Yonder on Calvary!
Behold yon crimson cross!
Pierced brow, scarred palms, cleft heart Oh see!
And heaven's smile his loss.
Black storms around him break,
Listen with bated breath!
"My God! My God! Why me forsake!"
Oh Life! Oh Love! Oh Death!

What are the world's renowns?
His only dare we sing;
His exploits which the morning gowns
Dethrones each highest king.
What angel in the height
Thought in his boldest dream
Such love descend to such a night
Such sinners to redeem!

Crown him with many crowns!
The brow once crowned with thorn,
Let honor that each rival drowns
Forever more adorn.
Crown him with many crowns!
Oh all that e'er shall be,
Place on his brow your bright renowns
To all eternity!

A HOLY HEART.

Oh holy, holy heart of love!
Thy gifts of grace I see;
Promise in hand and face above
I plead the best from Thee.

A heart as holy as Thy heart;
Thy being's central flame;
The purest, best of all Thee art
Oh place within my frame!

Another fire, white and intense,
An instant death to sin;
A flaming and thrice glowing sense
From Thy heart mine would win.

A crystal shining purity
And bright as Thy own face;
A mirror where Thy soul can see
Thy being's brightest grace.

Oh Holiness and Love divine!
This gift my spirit bless;
To me Thou givest nought, I pine,
If not Thy holiness.

HAIL SABBATH MORN!

Hail Sabbath morn, hail!
Hail day of delight!
The week's cloudy veil
Has passed from our sight.
We hail thy soft splendor
That on us now plays,
Come gladly and tender
Our tribute of praise.

To thee we return
Oh soul of the week!
Our hearts for thee yearn,
Thy presence we seek.
Thy presence emboldens
And promises rest,
From love that unfolds
A warm welcome breast.

We come sore oppressed,
Oh pour in thy balm!
Now breath in each breast
Thy silence and calm.
The spirits that sicken
With toil, sin and strife,
Thy presence can quicken
With hope, joy and life.

Our sorrows we lose
In songs of thy praise;
Our joys not abuse
While walking thy ways.
Our six-gathered burden
We leave at thy feet,
And newly engirden
Life's duty can meet.

Oh soul the most pure,
Come in! Oh come in!
Thou only canst cure.
Our hearts of their sin.
Enrobe in thy fashion!
Breathe spirit divine!
Oh bind us with passion
To all that is thine!

Thou day of all days,
The weeks for thee yearn;
On life's weary ways
Oh often return!
Thou heaven's best token
Dawn often! Oh dawn!
When life's chain is broken.
Be never withdrawn.

ARISE OH CHURCH!

No. 1.

Arise Oh Church! Arise!
Rise as in ancient days!
Canst thou look back and not more prize
Thy place of power and praise?
Oh heart and hope of fire!
Oh spirit from the skies!
Amid this fierce and final strife
Arise again! Oh rise!

Rise with the ancient faith,
Scorning all fear and doubt;
Mid life and death and lightning scathe
Can "Victory!" louder shout;
Upon the promise stands
Like mountains in repose;
Far sweeping hell's dark legion bands
And each time stronger grows.

Rise with the ancient love,
The love from God's own heart;
That knows no self, like him above
All for the worst will part;
Pure, burning, rich and white,
Contagious, fierce and strong,
In holiness finds her delight
While singing Calvary's song.

Rise with the ancient truth
Of sin and holiness;
On manhood, age and thoughtless youth
They fall with vast impress;
Judgment, eternity,
Upon thy lips of fire
Shall still the mind, the heart set free,
And feed with high desire.

Rise with the ancient prayer,
The prayer that does prevail;
Where faith and love and truth can dare
The "Victory!" far to hail.
Sin's brazen skies shall rain;
The Esau heart be tame;
And spirits stablished without stain,
Shall prayer and power proclaim.

Rise with the ancient Christ
Who died and ever lives;
Who life and love with gifts unpriced
To all with freedom gives;
With him throned in thy heart
Thy life can never fail;
Thy morn shall break, thy night depart,
All hail. Oh Church! All hail!

MAKE ME OH JESUS!

Make me, Oh Jesus on my race
To meet with Thee above,
Unlike I am, full of Thy grace,
A spirit of Thy love.

A spirit broken and contrite,
Tender, and kind and meek;
Patient, forgiving and bedight
With passions for the weak:

Peaceful and trusting, sensitive,
Grateful and warm with fire;
A hope, a joy, a light to live,
And toward Thee more aspire:

Prayerful and singing night and day,
Beholding Thy bright face;
Heeding Thy word, quick to obey,
Praising Thy matchless grace:

A faithful witness unto Thee,
A thought, a word, a deed;
A sorrow on the sin I see,
A balm upon its need:

A life to image only Thine,
Deep, wide, intense and high,
That grows in all things more divine
While rising toward Thy sky.

MISSIONARY.

No. 1.

On palmy isles of ocean,
'Mong Afric's teeming host,
Mid Asia's dark devotion,
On mountain, plain and coast,
Unfurl the gospel banner!
Her silken-crimson breast
Glad heaven will see and fan her
North, east and south and west.

Brighter than summer morning,
Shot through with sunny beams,
The blue of heaven adorning,
Her crimson light far streams.
Green hope and azure gladness,
Young strength and truth divine,
Soft rainbow balms for sadness
From her rich folds out shine.

God's grace and life eternal,
Spring joys and summer calm,
Vast promise, gifts supernal,
Bright hope, triumphant psalm;
Oh where stream out this story
If not on heathen coasts?
Where? Where unfurl her glory
If not mid heathen hosts?

Where multitudes are dying
'Neath black and starless sky,
Where death for hope is sighing
Oh lift his banner high!
Her crimson waves kissed golden
Fling out! Oh hasten fling!
Her sight lost hearts embolden
To trust and love the king.

Go! Go unfurl the banner!
Her folds of crimson light,
With heaven's joys to fan her
Will fill the darkest night.
She poureth undreamed graces
Upon the heart and eyes,
They come to Christ's embraces,
And sing on toward the skies.

FELLOWSHIP.

Saviour who for me died
That self and all my pride
Might die with Thee,
Draw my resisting heart
To share in death its part,
And join Thee as Thou art
On Calvary.

Lead through Gethsemane,
Up darker Calvary
Lead, Jesus, lead!
Though mortal flesh retreat,
Crimson each step my feet,
Faint I in noonday heat,
My cries ne'er heed.

My soul with Thine unite;
Death is sin's lawful right
And I am sin.
May I be crucified,
Strength, lust, low love and pride,
The life where these abide,
Self deep within.

Thy thorns be on my brow,
My lips Thy cup drink now,
 Leave not alone!
Thy nails my palms now tear,
My heart Thy spear lay bare,
Nought, nought of death Oh spare! -
 But help Thine own.

A double death be seen
My soul and Thine between
 Oh Calvary!
The world to me be dead,
My heart to it have bled,
From each the life have fled
 Which draws from Thee.
 Amen.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

No. 1.

Oh Living Bread! Oh Living Bread!
From Thee all beings pure are fed!
All live from Thy heart's rich bestow,
To full desire and overflow.

The angels round Thy burning throne
No other bread have ever known;
They feed from Thee and so they grow
Like to Thyself in fervent glow.

The saints redeemed from self and sin
Live by Thy presence deep within;
Beneath the flesh, within the heart,
The bread of life to them Thou art.

Thou finer art than most fine wheat;
Than honey from the rock more sweet;
Freer than sabbath manna fell,
And vital more than life can tell.

Thou, Thou Thyself art living bread!
Thou, not Thy gifts our lives have fed!
With-hold Thy gifts, Thyself Oh give!
And still with boundless life we live.

Oh Living Bread! Oh Living Bread!
Thou still wilt feed as Thou hast fed.
'Tis all Thy glory free to give
The bread of life by which we live.

THE MERCY SEAT.

No. 1.

Oh Mercy Seat! Oh Mercy Seat!
We fall with gladness at thy feet;
No place beneath the heightless throne
Can so attract and hold thy own.

Thy altar is close close beside
The cross where Jesus bled and died;
There thou art just beneath His throne
For cross nor crown e'er each disown.

Thou art high heaven's chosen place;
Thou art the earth's most royal grace;
For there we both in union meet,
In vital union rich and sweet.

The Spirit's lightning breath is thine;
The Son and all his powers divine;
The Father and his purity;
All, all unto thy faith shall be.

Thou, thou canst change wild nature's heart;
Thou, thou canst bid the drought depart;
Thou travail canst till Christ is born
In sinful hearts that all hope scorn.

Oh Mercy Seat! Oh Mercy Seat!
Who would not joy with thee to meet?
Unite our hearts till life shall be
One living faith, one prayer to thee.

OH GLORIFY THY NAME.

Oh glorify Thy name!
Most holy high Triune!
Of this vast world and spirit frame
To Thee alone we tune.
First fount of life and light,
Thou dost all hearts inflame:
Sings grace returning to Thy height
Oh glorify Thy name!

Oh Father most supreme!
The Father of the Son!
The splendors no archangels dream
Upon him burst and run.
Thou art to all through him,
Source, sustenance, and aim;
All heaven and earth Thy glories dim,
Oh glorify Thy name!

Oh Son! Incarnate Son!
From heaven Thou camest down;
Thy royal life in streams did run
From nail and spear and crown.
Thy blood-redeemed hosts now
Rejoice with loud acclaim;
Spare limb nor life to crown Thy brow,
Oh glorify Thy name!

Oh Spirit as divine!

Our sins Thy grace doth burn;
Thou dost the saints with Christ invine,
Both toward the Father turn.

As holy as Thou art

Thou spurnest not our frame;
Thou art our burning, glowing heart,
Oh glorify Thy name!

Oh Trinity Thy name

Be ever most supreme
In place and power, in act and fame,
In love and hope and dream!
At each sabbath's commune,
All heaven and earth proclaim:
Thou matchless, matchless high Triune
Oh glorify Thy name!

GOD'S PRESENCE.

Oh Thou God of gods supremest!

Throned upon those azure skies!
Bright as suns Thy promise streamest
Thou wilt never us despise.
Thy rich promise power is filling;
Comes Thy presence from on high;
With a sweetness past our willing
As no earth friend Thou art nigh.

Underneath Thou art sustaining,

Breasting us on mighty arms;
Singing, Oh such sweet refraining!
Shielding us from deadly harms.
Overhead Thy skies enkindle
Morning and reviving springs,
Joy and hope that knows no dwindle,
But still mounts and mounting sings.

In our rear Thy power is keeping
Us from Egypt's backward path;
On our foes hot bolts are leaping,
Love within and outward wrath.
Fronting us Thy cloud is burning
Blinding noon and flooding night;
Moving on and Thine own turning
To the wise and safe and right.

Far beyond Thy face is smiling;
O'er us are Thy blessing hands;
By Thy gifts Thou art beguiling
Toward Thy high and sun-kissed lands.
Like an atmosphere and flowing,
Golden, rich and sweet and deep,
Thou art round us, and bestowing
Love and joy Thou canst not keep.

In us Thou art bursting fountains;
Life divine and love and light;
Flowing down from heaven's mountains
Up Thou bearest to the height.
Round life's currents now are winging
Hope and joy and purity;
Can Thy saints refrain from singing
Of Thy presence rich and free?

Still be with us, 'neath and round us,
In, above and on before;
Though a seven-fold furnace bound us
We are safe as those of yore.
From and in and to Thee living,
Up from sin Thy grace did raise;
For Thy presence, rich thanksgiving,
Honors, glories, endless praise.

CONVICTION.

Oh divine and holy Spirit!
Source of perfect purity;
Human nature, sin doth sear it,
Hope of life is but in Thee.
Come. Oh come! Oh Spirit hover!
Souls of sin and death now cover.

Come Oh Holiness all glowing!
White and pure and stainless fire!
Thy full nature now be flowing
'Gainst all sin with fierce desire.
What soul can touch Thee and not feel
Electric shocks from Thee unseal!

Come! Let Thy burning life unfold
Sinners slain and dead in sin!
Thy life and light and truth be rolled
On and round them! Pour it in!
Let burning fire and fiercer heat
Pierce, search and find where sin doth seat!

Come! Be around them glowing Life!
Sin to Thee is most unlike,
Awake most fierce the mortal strife,
All Thy being on them strike!
Till new and vital piercing pain
Shall rend the spirit's heart and brain.

In them be heaven and hell at strife;
Pain for sin each spirit fill;
The agony of death and life,
Circle and return, until
Contrite, broken, weeping, calling,
At Thy cross we see them falling.

OH FOR A FAITH.

Oh for a faith of granite cast!
A bulwark-breasted thing;
A passion elemental clasped
For life's inspiring spring;

One iron-clad and mountain like,
Fearing not calm nor storm,
Volcanic fire nor sudden strike
Of lightnings swift and warm;

Which men and devils, death and sin,
Earth, hell, allied hosts,
When circled round and centered in,
Then trembles not but boasts;

A faith created for the night,
For battles and dark powers,
Seeming defeats and clouded sight,
Delay and suffering hours;

When all beneath the throne shall fail,
For conflict join their bands,
Knows God is sure and shall prevail;
And shouting "Victory!" stands.

Oh king with all victorious dower!
Forever on Thy throne!
Lift faith to equal love and power
And trust in Thee alone.

OH SPIRIT HELP:

Oh Spirit do not leave me !
Oh cast me not away !
This fear doth often grieve me,
I weep e'en as I pray.
Take not Thy holy presence ;
Draw not convicting light ;
When sins grieve Thy long presence
Forgive, nor take Thy flight.

My heart is hard, unbroken,
Cold, icy, dark and dead ;
Repentance gives no token,
Reign winter frosts instead.
I have small sense of Jesus,
Of sin or holiness ;
This worst of all diseases
Oh Spirit heal and bless !

Give sense of sins deep hidden !
My heart of unbelief,
My filthy rags forbidden,
All that may cause Thee grief.
Breathe on me grace most holy ;
Break down my pride of soul ;
Oh bend my heart till lowly
I yield to Christ's control !

Rebellion grieves Thee often,
Remove my heart of stone ;
Thou only hearts can soften
Now give Thy promised own.
Give heart for God outreaching ;
Give love for Christ and Thee ;
This is my one beseeching ;
Strive Spirit still with me !

O'er my dark chaos hover;
Be Thou in sin's mad strife;
My heart Thy warm wings cover;
Create and nourish life;
Disordered and resisting,
Thou knew ere Thou began;
Oh Spirit ne'er desisting
Still mould me to Thy plan.

Abide with me Oh Spirit!
And never, never leave;
A sin heart I inherit,
I know Thee I shall grieve.
Oh cast me not nor leave me!
Shall I exhaust Thy grace?
If sins abounding grieve Thee
Turn not! Turn not Thy face!
Amen! Amen! Amen!

THE BANQUET.

He brought me to the banquet
Spread in his royal love;
He cast his banner o'er me
His trembling turtle dove.
Soft music as from heaven
My troubled heart did calm;
Its peacefulness and sweetness
Came down like healing balm.

Sweet breezes from the mountains
Of od'rous frankincense
Refresh my feeble pulses
With vigor most intense.
I drink from golden chalice
Filled at the crystal spring;
The draught is life eternal
The same as drinks the King.

I feast on fruit divinest
From heaven's bowers brought,
Its sweetness to my spirit
Is far surpassing thought.
The banquet board is ample
With fruit and bread and wine;
The Prince Himself waits on me
With tenderness divine.

The feast is in the Feaster;
Christ is the soul of all;
The healing balm of music,
And odors sweet that fall.
He is the wine celestial
And manna from above,
The blessing of each blessing
The all in all of love.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

No. 1

Hail Thou God of gods supremest!
Thou of gods alone doth live!
As the sun his splendors streamest,
So Thy nature is to give.
Worlds and men and angels brightest
Forth Thy soul has brought to birth;
Through all ages them Thou lightest
With Thy smile of priceless worth.

In Thy nature everflowing
Thou dost bless till bliss is pain;
Flooding heart with rapture glowing,
Lifting all from plane to plane;
Thou art giving, giving, giving,
Unconfined by time or space;
Shaming dreams of all things living
By Thy gifts to every race.

Through our nation wealth unmeasured;
Mine and mart and wood and field
Have again their gifts untreasured
And in these Thy heart revealed.
From the mountains to the ocean
Have not flowed such streams as Thine.
Oh sunlike soul return their motion!
Till they reach their source divine.

Friendship, beauty, aspiration,
Loves and joys are circled round;
Gifts of freedom, thought and station,
More and better still are found.
Thou hast arched this season's portal
With a strong and vast desire;
We are marched as though immortal
With a heart and hope of fire.

Then upon this day of thanking
Who dare mention name but Thine?
Thought and feeling heaven-ward ranking
Praise Thee giver most divine.
All our nature is out-reaching;
Grateful hearts to Thee we lift;
Fails, Oh fails our noblest speaking,
Mighty Giver more than gift!

Praise, Oh praise the matchless Giver!
Melt our souls in gratitude!
Flow all hearts and as a river
Flow toward God with praise bestrewed!
Praise and cease thy praises never!
Never cease doth God's bestow;
Hearts and lips and lives forever
Flow with praise, forever flow!

OH LOVE OF GOD COME IN!

Oh love of God! Oh love of God!
The only love that lives
In this cold earth, and flows abroad
Nought getting, ever gives;
Behold the world, its strife and greed,
Its babble tongues and din;
Thou art its first, last, only need;
Oh love of God come in!

All round are hearts of ice and stone,
Hard, cold and dead and lost;
By life and death for ever thrown,
And farther from Thee tossed;
Shall these about Thee never dream
But still grow worse in sin?
That Thou through us on them may stream
Oh love of God come in!

If filled with Thee, for them we live
As Christ did live for thine;
Then we our gifts and self can give,
Our lives for theirs resign.
No service work love e'er withholds
What e'er men are or been;
The worse they are the more unfolds
Oh love of God come in!

Thou hast for them high heaven's sight;
Her time and strength are thine;
And since once crucified, the right
To make the worst divine.
Thou hast the faith that dares to claim;
The prayers that always win;
The vital message in his name;
Oh love of God come in!

Oh love of God! Oh love of God!
Spring in our hearts and flow!
Through all the earth be spread abroad
And all toward heaven grow!
May thousands by each life be won,
Joined more to Thee than kin;
To sing the song Thou hast begun,
Oh love of God come in!

THE MERCY SEAT.

No. 2.

Oh Mercy Seat! Oh Mercy Seat!
We fall with gladness at thy feet;
No place beneath the heightless throne
Can so attract and hold thy own.

Though tempest storms on lightning blast
Our heavens above with darkness cast,
Though all earth have no sheltering breast
Round thee we find eternal rest.

The fearful, trembling, sore and faint,
Breathe out to thee their dumb complaint;
A few short moments doth endower
The weakest with world conquering power.

Here shines the promises most bright,
Like stars upon the face of night;
Nor cloud nor mist nor veil are thine
For God burns all and full doth shine.

Here deepest loss is turned to gain;
Here richest joys grow out of pain;
Our tears, our shame and even wrong
Thou changest into music strong.

Oh Mercy Seat! Oh Mercy Seat!
Who would not joy with thee to meet?
Unite our hearts till life shall be
One living faith, one prayer to thee.

ARISE OH CHURCH.

Arise Oh Church! Arise!

Arise out of thy sleep!

These slumbers now Oh instant shake!

Oh shake them to the deep!

Shall sloth and idle rest,

Shall dark and worldly dreams

This day of days round heart and mind

Dance with deceitful gleams?

When shall these slumbers wake?

Oh hurl them far and deep!

Behind black clouds new mornings break

Upon yon future's steep;

Before that splendor lights

One hour with fiercest foes;

Up! Gird you! Gird you for the fight!

Oh spurn this short repose!

Shall sin and death and time?

The world and wealth and power

With charm and incantation chime

Thy spirit slave this hour?

This hour the most supreme

Of ages lifts her cries;

While visions splendid on thee stream

Arise! Oh Church arise!

Rise with the ancient faith;

The first and burning love;

The life no loss can kill or scathe;

Prayer winged to plead above;

Rise with the Christ in heart;

The Christ who died and lives;

Who saves and keeps and doth impart

All grace and himself gives.

The trembling times do wait,
They wait Oh church for thee!
Though nature, men and gifts are great
No hope but fear we see.
If thy pure blessing fail
More gifts but curse our cries;
Hope of the world thou canst prevail!
Arise! Oh Church arise.

LIFE, LOVE AND LIGHT.

Thou art the life and light and love
Of all that e'er can be;
All earth beneath and heaven above
Thou feedest rich and free;
And Thou art more than life and light
Or love with warmest beauties bright.

Thou art the life of those that live; *
From Thee we first begun;
But fountains purer Thou dost give
That higher rise and run.
The lowest blessing of Thy grace
Surpass the height of Adam's race.

Thou art the light of those that see;
All stars and rainbows bright,
All summer mornings dawn from Thee,
Thou art the noon's delight;
If so on earth Thy splendors shine
What art Thou in Thy heavens divine?

Thou art the love of those that give,
The warm impulse to part,
The gift of self by which we live,
And heart within the heart.
To give not get is highest joy,
A heaven on earth is Thy employ.

Thou art the love and light and life;
Yea! More than heart can dream!
Without Thee all is loss and strife,
But with Thee oceans stream.
More than the life and light and love,
Thou art the heaven of heaven above.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

No. 2.

Oh Living Bread! Oh Living Bread!
From Thee all beings pure are fed!
All live from Thy heart's rich bestow,
To full desire and overflow.

When famine-stricken, faint and sore,
When life and time had bread no more,
Thou fedest with the bread divine
Till hunger new for Thee did pine.

The deepest hunger of long years,
Of sin and loss, of pain and tears,
Was more than met and we were fed
With Thine own life, with living bread.

Apart from Thee the strongest die;
With Thee on eagle's wings we fly;
Nor earth nor hell nor all they breed
Out-wears the strength that Thou dost feed.

Thou art a boundless, boundless store
Of life, rich life forever more;
Faith, love and hope, joy, peace and truth,
And ardors of immortal youth.

Oh Living Bread! Oh Living Bread!
Thou still wilt feed as Thou has fed;
'Tis all Thy glory free to give
The bread of life by which we live.

SOUL REFINER.

Soul Refiner to the fashion
Of God's image most divine,
Near the furnace of white passion
Thou dost purge Thy priestly line:
Heat! Oh heat the furnace flaming!
Seven-fold hotter than before!
What can be my soul's reclaiming
But a fire to pierce life's core?

Take my soul with sin so ingrained,
Lead me to the furnace fire,
In its focused flame, white, unstained,
Plunge me in is my desire!
Hold me while electric burning
Shoots through will and heart and brain;
Piercing, searching, finding, spurning,
Remnants of my sin's ingrain.

Should I struggle in my anguish?
Should I question, weep or groan?
Should the strength of mortal languish?
Spare not, spare nor heed my moan.
Hold me in its central glowing!
Let the fire be most intense!
Thy thrice holy nature flowing
Burn around all pride and sense.

Purge me till Thy image shinest
In my measure like to Thine;
Holiness Thy grace divinest
Mirror its pure soul in mine.
Till before Thy presence burning
And Thy unveiled Spirit's might,
I can stand and for it yearning
Find it my supreme delight.

COME. SPIRIT COME.

Come Spirit come! Oh Life of heaven's Triune!
High central heart where Father and where Son
Unite in their most blessed mystic commune,
And life and love their highest circles run.
Spirit of Jesus! Spirit of love!
Fill! Fill our bosoms as filled are those above!

Come Spirit come! Love burning, flaming, glowing!
Passion intense and whitest purity!
Yet soft and warm, Thy fullness gently flowing
Fills each high heart that sinks in trust on Thee.
Spirit of Jesus! Spirit of love!
Fill! Fill our bosoms as filled are those above!

Come Spirit come! Consume me this desire,
Which Thy free grace kindles in my cold heart.
An angel bright and warm with Thine own fire
My longing soul sends pleading Thy impart.
Spirit of Jesus! Spirit of love!
Fill! Fill our bosoms as filled are those above!

Come Spirit come! Oh life of love immortal!
None, none without! In Thee alone hearts run;
Enclose me now in Thy heart's golden portal
To live and love with Father and with Son.
Spirit of Jesus! Spirit of love!
Fill! Fill our bosoms as filled are those above!

Come Spirit come! In ever growing measure
This Thine own heart for mine has strangely willed;
Be it my life and green hope's gladdest pleasure
This empty heart forever filling, filled.
Spirit of Jesus! Spirit of love!
Fill! Fill our bosoms as filled are those above!

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

No. 2.

Crown him with many crowns!
The high, creating king!
Space, time, and suns, and bright renowns,
Beings that love and sing!
From worm to seraphim,
Each in the hierarch,
Creation's strong crescendo hymn
Now lift, while he doth hark.

Crown him the Lord of might!
A million million suns
With splendor, weight, power and delight
Around his footstool runs.
Of all the central soul,
He holds their golden chains
In his right hand, and hears them roll
Their strong eonic strains.

Crown him the Lord of life!
From his own breast was born
The being clothing primal strife
With beauty's bright adorn.
To flowers, birds and men
The fountains of his heart,
Where'er they dwell, in sun or fen,
Its streams of life impart.

Crown him the Lord of love!
On his warm, heaving breast
The universe below, above,
Sleeps like a babe at rest.
His love unearned, unsought,
Is working with its might,
And watching still with mother thought
Each birth of noon and night.

Crown him the Lord of goals!
He plans most kingly states,
His ends each year as time unrolls
Are new and culminates
The seraph hope's best dream
Will stand dumb with surprise,
While being in diviner gleam
Shall rise and ever rise.

Crown him with many crowns!
Round heaven's highest throne
The galaxy celestial drowns
All songs as him they own.
Crown him with many crowns!
Come all creations bright,
The splendors of your high renowns
Around his brow unite!

NATURE SONGS

THE AZURE DOME.

Oh the azure dome! Oh the azure dome!
My first and my last and my noblest home!
The home of my spirit's immortal birth
Ere I fell to sin and the sorrow of earth.

Around me it lays like a world of dream,
And its vital powers ever on me stream,
To waken the thought and the sense divine
That will beauty see and with it entwine.

Through my meteor years it has stretched to view
A vision as great as the soul when true.
Its fullness and all on the eyes have grown
As my nature has with the strife and moan.

The blue of the birds, the flowers and the sea,
The mountain jewels, or whatever may be
By the art of man or his wisdom dyed
Are buried in shame in their hour of pride.

Unfocus the light! Could a rainbow tint
Such a shade on the curtains of noonday print?
Or prism divide such a soul of blue
From the hidden heart of the white so true?

Oh summon the dreams! all the dreams of delight
From the height of day and the depth of night.
Could the mingled light of a magic dream
Throw a rival hue from her weaver's beam?

Could the poet soul with the eye divine
That can brighter see than the lights that shine,
From the worlds of his love and joy and hope
Bring a beam like that on the morning slope?

All of earth and art and dream were a patch,
As a ragged cloud on that breast would match.
And though blending near to the matchless blue
Oh what is a scrap to the deeps we view!

What a life and love when the springtime breath
Have the blossoms kissed from their graves of death!
And the rain-washed sky doth embosom the earth
As a mother does her beloved birth.

Though the waves are bright and the grass is green,
More vital than ever the eyes have seen,
All the dreamlike earth though we feel it nigh
Is lost to the heart when we look on high.

What a rest and peace when the summer heat
Has pulsed the air to a quivering beat!
And motionless, silent, serene and deep
Are the infinite calms that are there asleep.

Not a fleecy cloud in the hemisphere;
Not a phantom, shadow or nameless fear;
Not a sign of storm or a sound profane
On that windless, tideless and landless main.

What a pride and power when the autumn's wealth
Into all forms press with perfection's health!
And around the ripened and rainbow globe
Is the azure deep as a royal robe.

A majesty, splendor, pomp and repose
On the atmosphere and horizon glows;
As a dream they move all in stately march
To the land of dreams through the purple arch.

What a hope and joy on a winter day
When a month of clouds has been blown away!
And the sky though pale from the icy air
We hail with delight as a vision rare.

Though the dark storm clouds and the sworded ice
Blast all our dreams of an earth paradise,
Despite of the frost they float on our eyes
Through the opening rifts of the azure skies.

When the morning sun from the deep of night
With his countenance of effulgent light,
First rose to the earth for his daily race
He smiled to behold such a matchless grace.

When the noonday sun first became a king
And created things did beneath him swing,
He enrobed his breast with the morning blue
Though he first baptized to a deeper hue.

When the evening sun first descended deep
That the day, the earth and her babes might sleep,
'Twas the robe of noon but with stars divine
He spread on the pain of their aching eyne.

When the midnight sun doth his circles fill
And leaves us to night in the nurse's skill,
He inspires the dreams of the golden skies
And with azure hope fills our wak'ning eyes.

The sun-born daughters with their rainbow dress,
Their splendor, their motions and joyousness,
How they rise from earth and to heaven cling
Or sail on the blue with an eagle wing!

What a home so fit for their spirits free
As the deepless deeps of the sky and sea?
Is the blue more soft than the fleecy dress
Which their golden sire does upon them bless?

What a stainless course and how free from noise!
What a changing form and a bird-like poise!
Though they need it not they forever rest
As they rise and fall on that passionate breast.

How they rise and fall, how they come and go
In the azure fields like the isles of snow!
All earth's flowing streams with delightful eyes
Watch the sun and clouds in the azure skies.

That divinest dome and her infinite deep,
That heightless height and her boundless sweep,
That nature of passion and purity
Is a royal nurse of the best we be.

The immortal soul with the sense divine
That is drugged to sleep with this earthly wine
Of the sorrow, sin and the selfish greed
That each to himself and to others feed,

Awakes with joy and supreme delight
From the trances deep of this awful night
And enraptured looks with a vast surprise
At the beauty throned on the azure skies.

Her hue and her height, and her breadth and length,
Her victory, splendor and royal strength,
Feeds into the soul the immortal sense
Till the heart and mind light the countenance.

With the glowing heats of a spirit's flame
She aspires to rise to the whence she came;
So she soars on high with majestic sweep
To the native spheres that her virtues keep.

Those celestial spirits of purity
Are the vital draughts of futurity;
And when drinking there we forever soar
With eternal life though we pant for more.

When we live on high, when we drink that life,
How our fountains flow! and our fancies rife
Are full as the heart of poetic thought
And leaps from the lips of the least untaught.

There all that we are and all that we find
With enraptured joy for the heart and mind,
Are symbols to man from the Holy and High
Who is throned on the arch of the pillared sky.

What eons as waves have beneath thee rolled
The mountains, the seas or the stars ne'er told,
For before their birth was spread thy adorn
As a mother's love round the babe unborn.

What a fresh young life and a new born grace
Is mirrored to earth in thy cloudless face!
Old, old as thou art, thou art ever new
When we lift our hearts for another view.

What a granite strength like the strength of truth
When young with the life and the hope of youth!
Though the mountain range long the storms defy
It is whirlwind dust to the girdled sky.

What an unrobed nature of purity
Too pure for the eyes of the most to see,
Doth circle us round and on conscience streams
Both a silence deep and most solemn dreams!

What a changeless love round a world of stain,
Where the moral hopes in their birth are slain!
Over human sin thus so crimson crowned
It has never darkened or wrinkling frowned.

What a Spirit vast and what matchless grace
Both around his breast and upon his face,
Must be throned afar and to mortal eyes
Thus symbols himself in the azure skies!

On what and where is the mortal hour
With its boast and pride and its works of power,
When the solemn sight of the azure sky
Doth attract the flesh and the spirit's eye!

Oh what is the strife and the greed of gain
With its Cain-like brow of a brother slain,
When we look aloft at the solemn sight
And silent stand in her floods of light!

Oh what is time and her fevered dream
Of the mighty hosts that forever stream
When we pause and gaze with prophetic look
At the symbols spread on that opened book!

Oh men of the city! whose skiey strips
The crowd and the noise and the smoke eclipse,
With eclipse so dark that the heart and eye
Is blind to the earth and the powers on high:

In thy day of strength and the greed of gain,
In the hour of grief and of loss and pain,
Go up to the towers and just take a view
Of the hemisphere and the boundless blue.

Does the breath of spring and the dew of youth,
The rapture of hope and the strength of truth
Seem forever fled? Oh! the Spirit there
But waits with his gifts for the look of prayer.

Is day as the night and night as the deep
When chaotic storms on her bosom leap?
The night shall be day and day be as bright
As the heavens above and her seas of light.

Has death in his arms bore thy love away
And left thee alone to the beasts of prey?
There is peace and calm and a higher love
To fall in thy heart from the skies above.

Whatever the sorrows that make thee lean
Go forth and stand where the skies are seen;
Just stand and behold and the azure towers
Shall lift thy heart with divinest powers.

For the spirit's home is the azure dome
Where e'er in the deserts of earth he roam,
As the gardened bowers and their perfumed flowers
Is the home of birds and the summer hours.

As the bridal isles and their golden smiles
Is the lovers' home and their heart beguiles,
So the sky above and her purity
Is the home of love and her spirits free.

'Tis the home of all, but the poet heart
There finds himself and the noblest art;
For the art and the artist are undivine
Till they lose themselves and in others shine.

Oh prophetic soul of celestial birth!
There is nought for thee in the greed of earth,
But the earth herself which her sons despise
And the heavens above and her azure skies.

There the atmosphere can so vitalize,
That the heart and mind with a vast surprise
Will behold with awe yet delirious mirth
The natures divine of poetic birth.

For the worlds that swim in that azure dome
Mock Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome;
This was only made for an infant's time
But those to the scale of a manhood's prime.

The beauty there that we worship must
Of the rainbow cloud and the starry dust,
Of the golden suns and the moons of light
Will enrobe thy song in their beauty bright.

And the music there of the crystal spheres
That is only heard by immortal peers
Will around thee ring, and circle thy verse
With harmonies based on the awful curse.

Those passioned powers will palpitate
Rich into thy heart the extatic state
That forms the divine to forever stay
When the phantom man and his works decay.

Then Oh for the plain and the hemisphere
Where the earth is bare and the heavens clear!
With naught on the heart to obscure the view
Of pavilioning, deep and redeeming blue.

And Oh for the summit of mountain height
Where the soul is bathed in the liquid light!
And the visions and pleasures and powers intense
Are felt in the tissues of mortal sense.

And Oh for the days of aerial skill
When his cloud-like car he can mount at will!
And at morning, noon and at twilight dim
In that ocean deep will delight to swim.

And Oh for the days when this mortal chain
By a mighty hand will be rent in twain!
And my spirit free as the eagles are
Will drink from the noon and the midnight star.

And Oh for eternity's lightning wings
When the spirit soars and forever sings!
Oh forever soars with eternal rise
In the life and the love of the azure skies!

THE ROSE.

A maiden fair as morning birth
And pure as morning snows,
In gratitude for truth I taught
Placed in my hand a rose.
When she gave me her simple gift
A tear her eye did wet;
The soul that blossomed in her face
I never can forget,
For she was not like other maids,
But deep and glad and true.
God's purity still shed on her
Its sweet divinest dew.

This rose which she had given me
I bore it to my room;
Its love and light that lonely place
Did clear of every gloom.
Its beauty was a soul who sent
Enchantment through the air,
Which by the strength of its pure life
Afar did banish care.
With such a sight before mine eyes
And such an air to drink,
I only could give up myself
With joy and love to think.

This rose was robed in purest white,
Just tinging into cream;
And silvered with the early dew
Sprinkled from morning stream.
The queen of beauty came to her
From paradise above,
And brought a garment for her child,
Rich folds of light and love.
Such flow of dress the chosen maid
Has wished for in her dream,
But never such for happy bride
Was ever found I ween.

The soul of this sweet rose breathed forth
A most delicious breath;
So calm, so sweet, so rich, so pure,
It o'er came envious death;
It spread itself around the room
And on my dear loved books,
The souls of poets travelling on
Turned round with wondering looks.
That breath was far too strong for me
As warmth is for the snow,
I felt it pierce through all my frame
And to my dead heart go.

Because in her pure world of love
There is no thought of sin
She bared her bosom to the air
To fan the love within.
Her bodice folds were gently turned
And in her heaving breast
The soul of beauty was laid bare
Most modest and most blest.
No blush upon her cheek did burn,
But light and love divine;
Through all her frame her crystal soul
Upon my soul did shine.

That glowing breast a love revealed,
A passion most intense;
It kindled in my frozen heart
A love too strong for sense.
The gentle rose did not reject
This growing love of mine,
But whispered as love only can
"I seek that heart of thine."
So I drew near this living soul
And looked down in her breast;
Such love and beauty and delight
May never be expressed.

Her gentle breath upon my cheek
Was warm as summer rain;
Her presence thus so near to me
Was cleansing every stain.
Her love had kindled mine so strong
My fears passed in eclipse;
My head bent down, hers gently rose
To meet my offered lips.
They meet, and from her soul there flowed
A life ne'er known before;
It swept me from this world of crime
To some enchanted shore.

A lover never kissed a maid
And through his bosom thrilled,
As from thy heart, Oh happy rose!
My empty heart was filled.
It seemed as on thy lips most pure
Were sprinkled sacred dews,
So thee alone of things divine
The All in all could choose
To send into my empty soul
A throb of his own life,
And thus through thy sweet purity
To calm my mortal strife.

So this is why I love the rose,
Of flowers the virgin queen;
The love that in her bosom glows
Is that of the Unseen.
His life beats through earth's pulsing frame
To touch the human heart;
The flower his winning smile of love
To draw with him apart.
Go gaze upon the rose's art!
Go watch her bosom burn!
Go place thy soul beside her heart
And feel him for thee yearn!

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
Spirits pure and bright!
Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
Round a court of light,
A host of spirits blest and fairy-like to sight.

Where are these dancers gay?
Where is the court you spy?
The spirit, elf and fay
That on your vision fly,
And raise out of your heart this glad extatic cry?

Where? Yonder where from olden
Time built old winter's throne;
Where summer summer golden
Is never never known,
But Iceland's ancient king rules all the polar zone.

Yonder where night's curtain
The storms in anger blow;
Where never is uncertain
Vast field of ice and snow,
And clear and frosty nights and furry Eskimo.

Yonder where the mountains
Pure ices diadem;
Where the crystal fountains
Mount geyser-like to them;
And where the glacier flows and icebergs ocean gem.

Yonder on the summit
Around the polar star;
Climbing up the plummit
And coming from afar.
See! See the dancers come in reindeer driven car.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!

Fairy, elf and sprite!

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!

Phantoms of delight!

Nature's dreams from far in poet robes bedight.

These in white enrobe,

As if floretted snow

From yon pure silver globe

Around their forms did blow,

To rival and to shame all gowns others bestow.

These in blue are clad,

As if the azure deep

A portion of his plaid

Had cast round them to keep,

To be in royal style at that extatic leap.

That in green is dressed,

As if the flowers and grass

Nature wove and pressed

And gave to some sweet lass,

And laughed unto herself that she would all surpass.

That in red is tinged,

As if the setting sun

A straying fleece had singed

And sent it on the run

To fashion's famous ball and dared to be outdone.

Here comes the poet's sons

Clad in robes divine;

The royal purple ones

He sent to lead the line,

And knew within himself that none would them outshine.

Here comes the maiden's race,

Dreams from her heart and mind;

Oh the pansy pansy grace

That round them has been twined,

And brighter beauties still upon their faces kind!

Others rainbow tinted,
As stalactites of ice
The liquid waters printed
With their prismic device
And gave a magic robe a joy could never price.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
What a mazy flight!
Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
On our mortal sight
Every motion, style and grace joy ever dreamt at night.

Forward with a bound;
Backward with a glide;
Then turning round and round
Till the head does dizzy ride;
Then promenading up, and in from side to side.

Now hand in hand they go;
Now swinging left and right;
Now up the center so;
Now spinning swift as sight;
Oh it is a mazy crowd and drunken with delight!

Fantastic, straight, fair,
Sudden, now and then,
Yonder, here and there,
Unseen and in our ken;
Mocking us and all our what and why and when?

Rising, high and oft,
Frosty, straight and strong,
Sinking, silent, soft,
Narrow, thin and long,
And if our sense could hear Oh singing what a song!

Moving, quick and mad,
Crystal, pure and clear,
Conical and glad,
Enthroned and far and near,
Celestial and divine as being can appear.

Oh round and round and round,
Like figures in a dream
These poet spirits bound
To music like a stream
That burst within the heart with an overflowing teem.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
Souls of electric light!
Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
Essential natures bright!
Bodiless and beautiful as ever met the sight!

How we sluggish mortals
Wonder and admire,
When these kingdom portals
Are opened, and its fire
Is flashed upon our sight but dreams of something higher!

How earth and sea and sky
Are lifted with delight,
When yonder there on high
They rise upon the sight;
And draws all nature up as moons the ocean bright!

How the stars that sprinkle
All the dome of space,
Twinkle, brighter twinkle
In their nocturnal race,
When these celestial beauties are circling in their grace!

How youth and maid on pinions
Here hasten with entrance;
Flaming sword dominions
Nor hinders their advance;
Welcome! Welcome! Welcome youth! Come! Mingle in
the dance!

How the poet's pleasure
Is passing into pain!
His joys like their own measure
Is swelling every vein,
Inspiring fancy's fairy forms around his heart and brain.

How! How his very dreams
Grow passionate and faint!
Grow thirsty for new streams
To drink away complaint
Which these on high inspire and perfect blessing taint!

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
Upon our visions caught;
Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
Till we are lost in thought,
In brighter dreams divine and higher wisdom taught.

What revelry and sports
Upon that mountain height!
What carnival that courts
Such spirits of delight!
Oh what extatic bliss of touch and sound and sight!

That scene it is the joy
That filleth nature's heart;
And the height of her employ
Is without a price to bart
Her happiness of life to all that of her art.

What divinest glory
Before the eye has sailed?
What harmony or story
Or prophecy been hailed?
What life and love and light and truth have been unveiled?

That beauty does entrance,
That love their hearts inflame,
That song impel to dance,
That hope and starry fame,
Which we have seldom felt and never think or claim.

Where the souls are purest
They dwell above the spheres;
Then freedom is securest,
And life exempt from fears,
And joy contagious, quick and sweet as that which here
appears.

Where a love is living
 'Tis full and sweet and pure;
Rejoicing in its giving
 And thus is most secure;
The heart that gives its all and self forever shall endure.

Where the life is deepest
 Is mountings oft and high;
And as it upward leapest
 With joy's extatic cry
It finds and lives within the life that fills the azure sky.

Where the light is brightest
 Appears the most divine;
Wherever beauty lightest
 It is a rainbow sign,
That God is seeking thus to draw thy heart with his to
twine.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!
 Through the live-long night.
Entrancing! Oh entrancing
 With magic magic might!
For mortal and immortal are the dreams of love and light.

A SAUCER OF PANSIES.

In the spring my mother plants
 A bed of pansies fine;
Then with a gardener's glance
 She nurses them divine,
Until the blossom pants
 And bursts into the shine.

Then every other day
 A saucerful as bright
As beauty ever lay
 Before the poet's sight,
She plucks and bears away
 My simple room to light.

When I come home and dress,
And call my own an hour,
I note the kindliness
That placed the rainbow flower,
And in it breathed I guess
Another heart and dower.

To-day the purple deep
The yellow beauties fringe;
Blue and white to-morrow sleep
On a bank of velvet singe;
And the very rainbows leap
Where there tender edges hinge.

Upon the pansies bright
I dream and dream and dream,
Of visions of delight
With which my youth did teem,
But life with deadly blight
Has flung on autumn's stream.

I see the heights divine
That are throned above the spheres;
And I pine and pine and pine
Mid my sin and grief and fears
And my heart bursts in my eyne
With the language of our tears.

That world upon me flies
Which sorrow brings to birth,
That is builded in the skies
When the self sinks in the earth,
And the living God doth rise
In the heart that now has worth.

Oh flowers of purity!
Oh dreams of life and light!
In the saucer I can see
The heaven's heightless height;
But shall I ever be
Like thy flowers and dreams bedight.

SPRING HYMN.

Hail springtime Oh hail!
Hail soul of the year!
Thy cold winter veil
Has passed and its fear:
Has passed and thy glory
Streams bright on the earth,
Which cold, weak and hoary,
Renews her young birth.

The dome of deep blue,
With sun on his throne,
Rains pure golden dew
Which all things now own.
The earth doth unfold
Her bosom's warm glow,
And life with a golden
Reviving doth glow.

The flowers doth unfold
Their rainbow hearts deep;
Birds plumaged with gold
Their songs cannot keep;
The forests and oceans,
The fountains and fields,
Are glad with emotions
Thy presence unseals.

All nature is green;
Her skies are more blue
Than mortals have seen
Since Eden was new.
The beauty of story
And heavenly mirths,
Now mirror their glory
In green singing births.

Life now is all love
And love is all life;
Like heaven above
It healeth all strife.
In love's vital passion
Are powers which unfold
The lowest in fashion
We joy to behold.

Hail soul of the spring!
Oh breathe thy warm breath!
To breathe, shine and sing
Thou wakest all death.
Away my heart's sin sense
And sorrow's wild wail!
Thy beauty and incense
And music all hail!

METEORS AND STARS.

A blazing rocket mounting to the air,
Leaves in its wake a line of crimson light;
Aloft it bursts, and colored streams most fair
Play as a fountain 'gainst the dome of night.
This sudden, brilliant and fantastic sight
Draws every eye, and while its bosom burns
Pales the eternal stars; then from its height
In that same gaze to earth it quick returns,
To splutter, hiss and sink mid ocean's scornful urns.

As men are born, so each dynamic life
Is winged to mount this firmament of fire;
In that majestic peace which mocks our strife
Find the bright place for which high hearts aspire.
In our quick, mortal, blind and mad desire
For yonder vacant thrones, wings of feeble flame
Are stricken dumb by storms of jealous ire;
And millions fall to darkness when they came,
To watch with envious eyes the few swift souls of fame.

These souls mount up, and as warm dizzy flights
Kindles bright dreams within the meteor's trance,
So their being burns anew. Golden delights
Around them shine, and their celestial dance,
Almighty power and solar lightning glance
For one short hour dims e'en the light of noon;
Then weakness does each quick, glad, silver lance
Of spirit light eclipse, while star and moon
Watch their descending flight to some foul dark lagoon.

For souls burning from self may burn most bright;
Spread heaven's light, and herald earth's late morn;
But selfishness, time's deadly coldest blight,
The vital spark from seraph souls has torn;
From glowing heart and flaming mind has borne
The light that clove their dark and natal gloom,
And hissing in sin's salty sea of scorn
Plunged them down, and gave the vacant room
To souls of purer fire bursting from death's last tomb.

Those spirits scorched by life's quick fiery scorn
Till selfishness is cindered, cold and dead,
With an immortal life anew are born,
And from the heart of primal fire are fed.
Fire soft, pure, sweet, swift and strong as ever sped
The electric currents through archangel's wings
Is theirs; and since to life and love is wed
The high ideal, their inmost being springs
From tombs of death to life and thrones that wait their kings.

Through mortal night with lightning woven storms,
Through thunder crash and elemental wrath,
Through swarming hosts of demoniac forms
Whose envious hate resists their destined path
Skyward, love's pure resistless heart which hath
A robe of strength and motion round them flung,
Burns with her glowing countenance a swath
Through their deep belt of foes; and all that clung
Around their new-born soul before their flight are stung.

Then as a globe and comet train of fire,
In most majestic curves toward heaven's height
Sweeps her bright way, and brighter as she higher
Mounts the path through constellated night:
So souls of love, with splendor, joy and might
Pinion aloft to life's awaiting skies;
While mid our flames of flickering lurid light,
A million hearts with their sad filmy eyes,
Behold their age's sight with hate or glad surprise.

From golden, poised and never wearied wings,
Upon that mass of helpless death below
The spirit's best and purest gift she flings:
The light of love upon their selfish woe;
The love of light to feed their heart's faint glow;
On their dark hearts and shadowed countenance
A living dream which beckons them to go,
Toward that pure Soul, whose love and gladness dance
In these soft saving beams upon their mortal glance.

Then far above on heaven's destined thrones,
Firm set within the firmament which time
Pavilions round this darkness, death and groans,
They shine forever bright. From towers sublime
They scatter light which neither curse nor crime
Can long eclipse, nor if they would, not see.
Though age on age like waves each other climb,
And selfishness her dark clouds still set free,
High throned the lights of love shine to eternity.

THE ROBIN.

Oh crimson breast! Oh crimson breast!
Oh crimson crimson heart!
Oh welcome guest! Oh welcome guest!
Thou dost my fancies start.
Inspire and rapture and employ
Are born in nature's peace and joy.

Thy sisterhood of brighter plume
And lyric hearted song,
Have left the city to its doom
And in green forests throng.
But city park, and garden trees,
Thy human heart doth equal please.

What human heart! What human heart!
After a winter's reign,
Has never leaped with joyful start
At thy first springtime strain?
At thy first note we lift our eyes
As after rainbows in the skies.

And when at night they all come home
From worry, toil and strife,
When strength and hope that daily roam
At eve join babe and wife,
Thy crimson breast our eyes have seen
With these pure loves is mixed between.

Across our spring and summer light
Thy bosom glad we see;
We sorrow when the autumn's blight
Afar doth banish thee.
In winter storms we sometimes yearn
For thee to hail the spring's return.

Thou hast no strength or speed or skill,
No weapon for the fight;
No eagle talon, sworded bill
Or war enkindling sight;
Thou wast not made for hate or strife,
For selfishness or mortal life.

But thou art rest and peace and love
And close to human heart;
Thou dost incarnate from above
A small divine impart
Of that one love which does divide
In all pure loves through time and tide.

Thou hast no plumage of delight,
As sun-kissed clouds on high;
As tintings on the flower beds bright,
Or iris colored eye;
Rich beauties that from heaven shine
Are not a heritage of thine.

But beauty oft is shining form
Without a soul within;
Thy life domestic, pure and warm
Is far away from sin.
The stainless, pure and passioned heart
Needs not the rainbow hues of art.

Thy soul has no delirious strain
That wakes my sleeping dreams,
That bears me to a golden plane
Of odors, sounds and gleams;
No music matchless and divine
That fills all hearts till more we pine.

Thy one and simple pleasing song
Is calm and faith and love;
Divorcing from the earthly throng,
Uniting us above.
All simple loves from ill divide
And join with all beyond the tide.

Thy cheery song that greets the morn,
Thy plaintive evening psalm,
Upon a world by sorrow torn
It falls as healing balm.
Oh what is earth's most peerless song
To a pure love on sinful wrong?

As is the lay of child or wife,
As is the song of home,
Unto the measures vast of life,
And classic airs of Rome,
So is thy music to the heart
With something these could never bart.

Then build beside my crowded home,
Thy blue eggs softly nest;
The gardens round for forage roam
But turn thee to thy nest.
To see thee and thy happy mate
Is more than earth's high gilded state.

Through fever day and dewy night,
Extreme of calm and storm,
Thy nature with a deep delight
Beats through thy bosom warm,
The rich pre-natal mother mirth
That nourishes thy eggs to birth.

A hunger cry and mouths of need,
A parent's tireless toil;
A ruthless hand, a heart's implead,
Though weak, defense in broil;
A hundred lessons for the heart
Thy actions to the wise impart.

The smaller fruits we give to thee;
The grapes and currants win;
The larger luscious taste them free
Though some would call it sin.
Why should'st thou lack thy frugal meal
From thy own father's boundless weal?

The berry man may call a curse
And guard his juicy wealth;
The cherry man may rave still worse
And shoot thee down by stealth.
Woe! Woe to us! Who? Who could live
If greater theft none did forgive?

With all thy sins, thy depth of breast,
Thy bosom's sinless beat,
Thy purity and faith and rest
I would my heart could greet.
There's naught within the world I see
Like peace and love and purity.

For thou and all things like to thee
Of nature, man and art
A longing of intensity
Wakes up within the heart,
To be and love and live like thee
In that great heart where all are free.

SONG OF THE GREEN TREE.

My evergreen soul of celestial birth
At the dawn of life descended to earth,
From the heavens above, where the best is born
To mantle the earth with a bright adorn.

There the soul divine that is full of life
Breathed into me strength for a mortal strife;
With the greenest hope of an azure birth
For a place and power I came to the earth.

A germ with the laws and the rights of life
I was planted deep in the midst of strife.
The great from the least they have ever grown
And round and beneath are the overthrown.

Then the vital heart of the world soul sent
Such pulse to my own that my soul unpent,
And the infant germ sprang swift to the light
As a life that grows with a spirit's might.

The passionate powers of that first clime
Soon nourished the birth to a noble prime;
Behold! in the world now I stand with pride
While all other growths are shamed from my side.

Both the heavens above and the earth below,
And all between, with the overflow
Of a generous heart and exhaustless wealth
Have poured in me gifts of abounding health.

My loom is the darkest and softest kind
That ever a soul in the earth did bind;
Around me it lays with a tender press,
Protection and warmth of an under dress.

The green grass above doth carpet me round
With its velvet touch and its murmuring sound;
There is always a soft and bright adorn
Where the roots and knots of strength are born.

My out-reaching roots with a sacred thirst
Press into the dark and a way doth burst
Till the moisture cool and the water's sound
Both quicken and guide where the life is found.

Deep rejoicing then at the river's brink
Her being so crystal my own doth drink;
I drink to the full of immortal life
And renew my strength for the daily strife.

The tropical breeze with their laden breath
So vital they quicken the winter's death,
Their spirit and passion through every pore
Flows into my heart to the very core.

The temperate winds with their zonal strength
Have blown on my breast; and my breadth and length
Have expanded rich as the middle clime
Doth the spirits form of the noblest prime.

When the Arctic blasts with their fury burst
I was roused to strength as their spirits versed;
Like a wrestling giant for many an hour
I girded my loins and breast with their power.

The unkindled sun with his vital heat,
His rainbow spirits and his rhythmic beat:
Is there aught in earth or the heavens above
So bright as the smile of his morning love?
Or deep as the calm of his good-night kiss
As it falls on my heart with its lingering bliss?

What a magic strange is the chemic power
That changeth all ill to his bright endower?
He taketh the earth as a sacred birth
And feeds her with strength and with azure mirth;
And out of the earth with his golden might
He has raised me up in my towering height.

The radiant beams of his lightning glance
Shoot into the heart like a vital lance;
And my spirits rise as a dream doth leap
Like a breath of life from the land of sleep,
And spreads its face to the morning sun
And feels that its course has but just begun.

When the kingless king has retired to rest
And the twilight curtains are round his breast,
The night with the moon and her silver spheres
Hourly bathe my brow with their dewy tears.

Their coolness revives as an icy draught
Which the dying day has rejoiced to quaff;
Has rejoiced to quaff ere he doth retire
To his slumber dreams of to-morrow's fire.

So the dewy night and the icy stars
From their lucid urns and their crystal jars,
Pour upon my head their divinest dew
Till the morning dawns on the seas of blue.

Oh that azure dome! Oh that azure dome!
That circles me 'round and afar doth roam;
What a fulness of life doth her silence keep
For the earth and the stars she enbosoms deep!

To but feel that sense round the spirit roll
Is infinite life in the finite soul.
Who could live with her in a fresh inspire
And wish aught else in his best desire?

There is room, vast room in the azure height,
Vision, gladness, strength and a keen delight,
There is victory, song and a mighty glow
To souls that to her in their natures grow,

There is life divine in the azure skies
That diviner grows as we higher rise;
Oh! my only home is that azure dome
And the earth beneath with its sacred loam.

I uncrown my head to her liquid light;
I out-stretch my arms to enfold her might;
I open my all to her rich bestow;
As her spirits fall to the height I grow.

The covetous clouds from the ocean's breast,
From her scoopéd trough and her white capped crest,
From the mountain height and her snowy gleam,
And the fountain there and her icy stream,

From the sun-crowned morn with her quick distills,
And the billowy west with her dewy hills,
From the Arctic zone and the south more warm,
The spirit so vital in every form

They enfold most deep in their fleecy dress
And circle around as no mind can guess,
Till the filters pure of the upper air
Doth embalm the rain as a treasure rare:

Then the fanning winds to a marching strain
Blow their shadowy sweep o'er the sea and plain,
Till they seek me out and at noontide hour
Long bathe my soul with reviving power.

Then the circling veins and the tissues dry
Drink, drink to their full with a thankful sigh;
As in me it flows with a pulsing pain
I can hear it sing with a joyful strain.

Then the rib-like mail that is round my breast
Feels the strength of life and its joints are pressed
By resistless force, and the new expand
Forms another rib with a tighter band.

Then my knotted roots deeper sink from sight
And my brow ascends to a higher height.
My arms reach again farther east and west
And my branches all are with freshness dressed.

Then my joyous leaves in their life of bliss,
Like spirits in love with each other kiss,
Till my central heart feels a vital glow
And a greener gladness to each I throw.

Is another form on the mother's breast
So sound in heart and with strength so dressed?
Is another birth of our mother earth
With a greener hope and more glowing mirth?

Oh tell to me now sight travelers true
Who circle the world and her greatness view:
Is there aught in the earth that was ever born
Adds more to her pride and her bright adorn?

SUMMER.

Oh! This is the famous Miss Summer I see,
Who was mentioned by poets and lovers to me;
And mentioned in music and passionate praise
As the vision divine in the midst of our days.

When hearing thy fame by the hearing of ears,
Then a vision arose or came down from the spheres;
But spirit and dream must forever more pine
For the heart's very presence and eye upon eyne.

As now unexpected and sudden we meet
How my heart gives a bound and a double-quick beat!
My passions like fire in their ardors arise
By the kindling sparks that are fed from thy eyes.

Thou art flesh, blood and bone, but something more rare
Than the fairest of women did ever yet wear;
A something that hovers around the ideal
Which we never can name but we always can feel.

A beauty embodied, a vision divine
Are thy physical graces in equipoise fine;
Thy cheeks and thy brow and thy eyes and thy lips
Doth the poet's bright song and the lover's eclipse.

Thy face is a splendor of golden delight
Baptized in the sun when the morning was bright;
No! Born in the sun and the spirits of gold
Were poured in thy frame the divinest of mould.

Thy brow like a marble is spotless and white,
Unwrinkled, unblemished and circled with light;
Adornment for grace or a goddess of art,
It is infinite more when enthroned on a heart.

Thy cheeks are as soft and as rich as the wealth
That has ever yet shined from the fountains of health;
No pansy, no violet, no lily, no rose,
Could image or add to thy deep vital glows.

Thy crimson-fold lips, how they tremble with bliss
From the spirit of life and her last burning kiss!
Thy spirit I see at those portals doth yearn
With a rapture divine for that spirit's return.

Thy eyes, Oh thy eyes! Was there ere such a sight
In the gleam and the glance of the stars of the night!
The planet like fires and the lovers' bright eyne
Are but the stray beams from the brightness of thine.

But thy spirit! Thy spirit! Thy spirit of grace
Is richer by far than the signs of thy face.
'Tis only life's strongest and longest that seal
On the physical frame that resists the ideal.

Thy love is as golden and full as the sun,
Through thy heart and thy veins I can see it now run.
A spirit as rich and as free to impart
As the sun in the sky is the soul that thou art.

In love all the virtues in richness abide,
As beautiful dreams in the flowers of a bride.
The graces are born and in love ever live,
And grow as themselves in their giving they give.

Thou lovest all things be they low or be high,
From the flowers in the grass to the Soul in the sky.
Thine is the true love for thy heart's overflow
Gives the given himself and thyself and thy glow.

In heart nor in mind has the body of sense
Wrought in thee its power or its darkness intense;
Thy spirit divine is dominioned in might
And its energies rule all the fleshly bedight.

Was ever a heart with the passions of love
Not pure as the skies and the spirits above?
The selfish that hides in the earth's honeyed praise
Is not in thy motives, thy words or thy ways.

Ideals sublime that are far out of sight
Keep pure most the cause of life's blasting and blight.
Not the salt savored sea nor the blue azure sky
Is as pure as the heart which now feedeth thine eye.

Thou art peaceful and calm, soul centered and still,
Though the chambers of life are at more than their fill.
Thy multiplied gifts are in balance divine,
Overflow and at rest in the midst of our pine.

As gentle and soft and as tenderly kind
As the sorrows and wounds of the world ever find;
The sickness and sin and our mortal disease
Find a cure in thy hand when no other can ease.

So patient, compassioned and sympathied deep,
All high spirit hearts in thy virtues are steeped.
Domestic, contented and all that endears.
To the home loving heart 'mid the turbulent years.

How happy thou art! All our words of delight
With their passion'd filled souls give no image to sight:
A maiden with flowers in her hands and her breast
From winter's wild heart would faint symbol thee best.

A drunken, delirious and extatic joy
Soon intelligence, morals and all will destroy;
But happiness, gladness, rejoicing and song,
Are sandals and crown and a girdle most strong.

As flowers in the field or the birds in the sky,
As the mountain-fed streams or the clouds as they fly,
As the earth-kissing winds or the innocent heart,
So glad and much gladder Miss Summer thou art.

Thy virtues in union or each one alone
I could sing the whole day with a still rising tone;
What thou art and what like, what done and will be
Would be songs to my harp till from hence I shall flee.

I will tell thee the truth, for the truth ever springs
Unto such as thou art with the lightest of wings;
I'll whisper it now, though I buried it deep
For in spite of my heart to thy heart it doth leap.

In far behind days, in the vision of dream,
Then an image arose with thy summer soul gleam;
All, all of thy soul in her spirit did shine
And like thee in form as the eye is to eyne.

With passion, delight and the rapture of youth
I pledged her myself at the altar of truth;
When waking I said to the phantoms that stream:
"I will wait till I meet with the soul of my dream."

While waiting for thee then the storms of the north
With their night and their winter and fury burst forth;
As through the long hours as I waited for morn
I was caught and was driven and beaten and torn.

I was wounded and scarred and the time-spirit filled
Till the image divine in my spirit was killed;
I have been baptized in the earth's bloody gores
And am now only fit for the service of wars.

Now a rock hewn image of winter I stand;
Though a smile has my face and a flower holds my hand,
Down deep in my heart is the farthest extremes
To the soft summer soul that upon me now beams.

So what I once dreamed I will leave now unsaid
Though I utter one blessing upon thy fair head:
In eastern dominions where suns ever shine
May thy soul meet and wed with the heart that is thine!

"My heart with raptures overflow;
Thy music does impart
A crown that has a crimson glow
To both my head and heart.
Ere each doth on their journey fare
I'll cast from off my mind
An image I have treasured there
That doth the moment blind."

"When but a little tripping slip,
As bright as sunny May,
With April eyes and laughing lip
I met thee on my way.
Thy arms of strength with tender might
Did fold me in thy breast;
Did fold me deep, deep out of sight
In love and gladness blest."

"Then on my ears there fell a song
That love sings to the heart;
The murmurs of thy passion strong
And echoes ne'er depart.
I know! I know by those warm tears,
Those kisses sweet, divine,
There's more in thee than winter's years,
Or summer's heart of wine."

"Before us yonder shines the sun;
The morning does invite;
Your journeys to the sunrise run,
Oh come! for my delight
Is just to hear thee sing life's songs
And those that are to be
When life has triumphed o'er all wrongs
With love and purity."

Oh yes I will go. I can walk, run or fly,
And sing thee the songs that can never more die.
The hearts that love hearts with no self-seeking pine
Find others, themselves and the heart most divine.

NIGHT.

Oh Night! Oh Night! Oh most beloved Night!
Presence divine! Nature of softest power!
Being benign above what noonday's height
In any dream conceives! Oh spirit with endower
Of infinite benevolence on our
Darkened, doubtful immortality!
Oh soul of vast and altitudinal tower-
Ing majesty in the wide portality
Of heaven! 'Neath thy resplendent bower
Thou seemest like a living personality,
Present, near and pure and kind to this mortality.

What heart or mind wherever on the earth
Has not looked up into the darkness vast,
And felt thy spirit of celestial worth
Around him? An awful sense is cast
O'er nature, and the elements so massed
In silence and solemnity creates
Above the world thy soul of unsurpassed,
Supremest powers; a soul that dominates
The starry darkness with divine unclasped
Compassions; that softly medicates
The silence, strength and calm thy own heart satiates.

How could the weary disappointed earth
Refuse to rest beneath thy blessed feet
When she herself and all she brings to birth
Has been but fuel or demon rended meat?
On her hot heart and pulses burning heat
Thy hand is placed, and potent spells doth cease
The torrid storms that through her members beat.
Oh what a calm! Oh what a wonderous peace!
Oh what divine tranquilities replete
With heaven's gift! Oh what a rich release
Upon the weary world with every day's decease!

Nature is like a wearied child the nurse
Cast into slumber. She lies down to rest
Unmindful of her ancient ancient curse.

The azure sky is of its power undressed;
The mountains high diminish on earth's breast;
The boundless plains unconscious lie asleep;
And the mighty sea forever in unrest

Doth rock the earth like a cradle on the deep.
Earth, sea and sky, bird, beast and all are blest
As they decline into the sacred keep.

Oh what a wonderous sense around the world doth creep!

Even the unarticulate creations

Are not unresponsive to thy presence.

It often seems thy soft adumbrations

Wakes another spirit in them. An intense
Sacredness robes them round, and a sense

Of longing gazes from their uncomplaining sight.

Unlanguage prayer, sacred sorrow and assurance

In the world's creating and sustaining might

Grows upon them as the darkness grows more dense.

'Tis a solemn view from some commanding height

To watch the sinking world lie down beneath the night.

Dear! Dearer far than to the world of sense!

Dearer than to the earth's organic things!

Beloved, divine, devoted and intense

Art thou to man, and to the passion springs

That burst and flow within him. His spirit flings

Itself with keen delight athwart the day,

The sense of life within with rapture sings,

And hope and strength would bear it far away.

But Alas! Alas! The sun consumes; their wings

Are shorn; their strength declines; their hopes decay;

Till soon they fall to earth and for thy presence pray.

Worn out and sheer exhausted by the strife
And splendors of the day, the mortal host
Behold and hail thee as the nurse of life.

Turning from time's contentious lists, the ghost
Of what they might have been, they seem almost
To disrespect the throned and golden sire
Of all the world. They to thy presence post
To find life's balm, as unfulfilled desire
Things such to find on some enchanted coast.

As the sun does down the western steep retire,
Thou comest as a nurse with passion's best inspire.

Even to youth's unvanquishable pride

Thou art benign, though veiled unto their eyes.
Youth, hope and strength, who have the world defied
Soon wears the fierce contentions for life's prize;
Like some distempered fevered children, their cries
Thou dost hush down at day's declining hour.

From nature's unexhaustable supplies

Both sense and soul thou dost anew empower
With energies that nobly vitalize.

Ungrateful both to thee and thy endower
Thou givest rest and dreams when day doth them devour.

The great host of toilers, the brawny mass
Of labor, the sinewy engirded

Sons of strength, the blinded and unconscious class
That battle for this unsustaining bread,
Oh thou art kind beyond what tongue has said!

Thou liftest off the burdens from his back,
And strong protects his low unsheltered head.

Thou drivest hence the wolves upon his track
And vulture dreams that hover round his bed.

Within his home thy evening hours unpack
Their rich domestic gifts the palaces so lack.

Still other hosts defeated in the strife,
Bleeding and faint from greed's foul murdering mart
Return to thee the only hope of life;
Thy wines and balsams of celestial art
Into and round their wounds thou dost impart.
Life's disappointments, like a mighty train
Of fugitives stabbed to the very heart
And staggering in their black and blinded brain
Thou meetest, and without a price doth bart
Healing and health. The corpses quick regain
Themselves and heart and hope that life before had slain.

Another line smaller but more divine
Out of the world in silence disappears;
Sore battle scarred more than the others sign
They mark their path with crimson. crimson tears.
The sorrows, griefs and anguish of the years
Forsake the day, and unto thee Oh night!
They lift their lamentation, and in thy ears
Unflood the heart and its unlanguage'd blight.
Not one! Not one! but thy compassion hears,
And folds them in, into thy bosom tight.
Has thou. Oh night. like earth wept blindness on thy sight?

A few great souls of genius, virtue
And devotion, a mother find in thee.
They turn from the noonday's glorious view
To think and live and fellowship most free
Thy sacred greatness. Spirit of purity!
Parent of the heir that doth arise
To climb the universe! these natures be
The earth's immortal mortals and despise
All time's achievements to seek society
With thee. Mother divine unto their eyes,
Thou art enthroned amid the constellated skies.

Thou to them all are most compassionate,
Thou seest them before they turn to thee. .

Most motherlike, thou dost the hour await

When life and time shall bid them turn and flee
From that false world where they most blindly see.

As one by one, or host by host, the race
Turns from their fierce distempers with a plea
For any change, they are met in thy embrace
With the blessings of thy pure maternity.

Thy benediction and resource of grace
Is freely opened up and poured upon each face.

Some portion of what heaven holds for earth
Is in thy heart and from thy hand divine.

The atmospheres around thy soul of worth

Is like a cup of life restoring wine
Which he who drinks for deeper draughts will pine.

Thy shadows vast which on this mortal fall
Subdue the wilder elements and recombine

Life's dissipated energies. Thou dost call
Another and a higher soul from the mine

Of being deep, and a spirit strong and tall
Answers and walks with thee the starry chambered hall.

Thou givest gifts that more than life embalms:—

A truce to war—an interval of rest—
A valley deep—a season of sweet calms

When each lies down upon his mother's breast—
A voice with sweetest nursery songs addressed

To the worn-out, jaded senses—a hand
Soft laid upon the burning brain oppressed,
To charm the thoughts to an enchanted land.

From thy pure heart, emanations blest

Enter the soul rebellious and unmanned
From that exalted state high heaven for them planned.

Sleep! Sleep! The most mysterious gift to earth,
Life's commonest, yet most profoundest change;
After our death as it is round our birth,
And nightly under, when, where or how we range.
'Tis a celestial anodyne with strange-
Est therapeutic virtues—an immersion
Of exhausted body in the fresh grange
Spirit of the world—a calm reversion
To being's primal reservoirs, exchange-
Ing loss for life; and a complete insertion
In the infinite for to-morrow's high excursion.

Sleep! Sleep! The most supremest gift to earth,
Great nature's touch for body and for mind;
Sinking in the deep unconsciousness of birth
As thou Oh night! doth with thy magic bind.
Upon that breast so infinitely kind
Oh mother of this worn humanity!
Thou placest each and drawest soft the blind
Unconsciousness upon his wild insanity.
Oh where in all the world can mortals find
A gift like sleep on time's profanity?
And this most blinded strife and still more blind inanity?

Upon these restless, restless hours of sleep
When vanquished and defenseless as a child,
Thou keepest watch above his slumbers deep
And wardest off the dangers round him piled.
Dost thou not sorrow upon him time defiled?
And on his moaning does not thy hand entwined
With velvet kindness smooth down his riled
And blighted spirits? Should a visit blind
With golden visions be on his eyes beguiled
And he awake to grasp the promise kind,
What nature rich but thine such blessing did unbind?

But thy greatest ministrations embrace
The soul so sunk in time's unconscious sleep.
The mere machine that yokes him to this base
Of nature, thou nursest but to reap
A thinking spirit out of the thoughtless heap.
Thy overshadowing presence, thy speech
Of silence like thunder, and the magnetic sweep
Of thy soul over his: when they reach
The slumberer, he riseth with a leap
And blank astonishment that doth impeach
The wisdom of the schools and all the day doth teach.

Thou art the teacher of the good and wise,
And makest books and colleges a scorn
To life; a presumptuous contempt to eyes
That in time's travailing agonies are born.
Who walks with thee after the day has torn
Thou teachest what these pedants never dream;
And books of lore sublime as is the unworn
Volumns of eternity open and gleam
Upon the sight like thy starry deep unshorn.
From these books and from thine eyes there stream
An infinity of thought that strength alone can theme.

From thine eyes, from thy maternal heart
With infinite penetrations, though between
The meshes of the worlds something doth start
With high new-conscious sense. His spirit lean
Of life, now hungers with desire for the scene
That being opes before him. Upon the brink
Of matter thou drawest off the screen
From the mighty worlds that forever shrink
From sight by their effulgent brightness. They wean
Him from himself, and as his soul doth drink
The vision of the worlds he rises hence to think.

Thou bringest up this soul to front itself;
And fronting self it looks straight in the eyes
Of some far higher Soul who projects his wealth
Of life in personalities that rise
In vast proportions. The soul that lies
In slumber bound thou bringest up to feel
Its undimensionedness, and strength supplies
To front the universe. Oh what unseal
Of passion pure that with expansion flies
To being's farthest bounds! The ideal
Calls and answers man the reverberating peal.

Thou nursest into the immortal mind
The ruling concepts of the universe:
The indestructible, established kind
For which the worlds are void unless they nurse.
Thou bringest God and right and law—the curse
Of sin and holiness, the mighty poles
That swing creation and the ages verse
Unto their noblest song. Small circled souls
Thou liftest from the deep and dark immerse
Of sense to fellowship the life that rolls
Through this vast universe unto its distant goals.

Thou art the mother of divine inspire!
The anointing horns are in thy sacred keep
And free thou art in pouring out their fire.
Forth from the earth their mighty passions leap
To walk with thee beneath the blazing deep
Of heaven. The soul unto its height and reach
Is drawn out by the visions thou dost heap
Upon the eyes, the rich poetic speech
Of lofty conversation and the sweep
Of mighty thoughts beyond the starry beach,
Which thou and thine to men in solemn silence teach.

Oh what a sight for lofty contemplation,
For intellectual strength, archangel thought,
Silence, passion, wonder, admiration,
And all the powers of being overfrought.
What boundless elements are here together brought
To mind destroy, and nobler recreate
To something like the infinite. All nought
And insignificant is man's estate
Of genius-ripe conception, when he is caught
Into the starry heavens to contemplate
The vast establishments that round him roll in state.

Oh what a sight for admiration's eyes
Is high enthroned on everlasting stations!
What white intensities within the skies
Here radiate their lightning scintillations!
Oh what majesties of light! Illuminations
Of magnificence! Effulgencies of bright-
Est splendor and flashing coruscations
Athwart the answering canopy of night!
Oh what radiancies and creations
Of solar brightness and incandescence white!
In firmamental poise on all uplifted sight!

Oh thy constellations! Thy glorious
Constellations! Thy constellations bright,
So supremely poised in their victorious
Stations on thrones in promenential sight,
Upon creation's lofty heightless height.
Thy constellations like world divinities
Are with such striking majesty bedight,
They rise among the vast infinities
That crown the universe with an effulgent light.
They radiate the high sublimities
That more than equipoise all spirit magnanimities.

In high celestial pagentries, the marches
Of these splendors, these majesties and powers
O'er the else unpictorial walls and arches
Is like the world plans marching amid the hours.
The procession of these glorifying dowers
Cross the expanse above in their nocturnal
Progress, these circles round their annual bowers
Where all burst forth in bright hibernal
Brilliancy, or pale as summer heat devours,
These marches of processional pomp supernal,
'Tis but the universe along its path eternal.

Oh thy constalations! Thy glorious
Constellations! A noble consanguinity
And ancient fellowship in victorious
Exaltation circling the vast infinity
Of being. Ye in your high sublimity
Flash recognition to all thy kingly race;
Or the esemplastic spirit of affinity,
Flaming through all the hemispherical space,
Answers each or some enthroned divinity.
What incandescent eyes and lightning grace
Each has and flaming throws upon each others face!

In yon celestials is the most supremest
Reach of beauty in nature's plastic arts;
A perfect vision of the life that streamest
Within the deep of her deep heart of hearts.
The spirit of sublimest beauty starts
Into being here, and round that virtue high
Nature cast a fashion that imparts
Rich overflowing glories on the sky.
The beautifuls in those celestial charts
Enchant the strength of life's poetic eye,
Sustains her passioned heart as they poise and swing and fly.

Oh thy constellations! Thy glorious
Constellations! established on the height
Of time and forever more victorious
Above the gulf. Oh what a vast delight,
Of purposes and prophecies unite
To sustain ye on the blank and hungry void
As the world's best stability! Thy bright
Illuminations could seem to be destroyed
By breath, but this emblazonry of night,
So blessed, so beatific and enjoyed
Is more than is the world by firm foundations buoyed.

What a high sublimity shines there,
Of mystery, of wonder and of awe!
And of these breathless contemplations where
Time's creations unto their highest draw!
The majesty and sovereignty of law!
The incarnation of almighty power!
The transformation from the rude raw
Elements of chaos into this bower
Of firmamental splendors! Life saw
The garnished heavens and humbled in that hour
Loves more thy solemn dome than noonday's golden tower.

Oh thy constellations! Thy glorious
Constellations! in that ideal state
Designed for them ere their victorious
Emergence from the dark contentious gate
Of chaos. Supernity is like a weight
Of glory on them, and the immortal
Is burning in their exaltations great.
In the else black concave they make a courtal
Majesty and magnificent estate.
What strength conceives a more emblazoned portal
Around this travailing earth, around her courses mortal!

Yonder the Great Bear prowls around the pole.
There Cassiopeia and her family reign.
Here Taurus with his brilliant clusters roll.
Near Orion's belted strength is a plain
Triangle of three glorious stars. The strain
Of the Harp and Aquila's boundless flight
Behold! See! Sagittarius has lain
His arrow to the Serpent's heart, and sight
The stars when the Centaur treads disdain.
The classic symbols dwindle left and right,
The poles are scant of stars, the center crowded bright.

Right through these monarchies so bright, the moon,
An earth-born child adopted by the night,
Swift circles like a princess of the noon
Though with some veil upon her face of light.
That soul of splendor across the bright
Concave is to the world a warm desire
And forevermore a passion and delight.
Oh virgin soul of pure and palest fire!
Sail on thy course, and on earth's lifted sight
Thy smile still rain the magic of inspire,
And every wax and wane shall make thy presence nigher.

Oh what a belt is round the whole concave:—
A girdle bright—a silver flowing stream—
A milky river but whose path doth pave
More mighty suns than telescopes can deem.
What bursting showers of glorious meteors gleam
Upon the sight and sometimes even daze
The earth with a long remembered dream.
See the fierce alien comets lighting the ways
Of their ellipses, like fiery trains that steam
Across the startled heavens; or yonder gaze
Upon that noonday star that sudden forth doth blaze!

What undreamed revelations here! What surprise
Of distances and reaches into space!
What stretching out of heart and mind and eyes
To the fixed stars as if our strength could trace
Infinity! Boundless distances embrace
Us round in unimagined measures, which scorn
Time's mathematic and astronomic race
Of giants. At ninety million miles is born
The sun; at two hundred thousand times the base
The nearest star; at twenty thousand unshorn
Years of lightning motion the faintest stars forlorn.

Oh unconquerable and inconceivable
Reaches of the heavens! The powers of thought
Are stunned, staggered, stimulated, full
Of drunken inspiration when first are taught
These distances so infinitely fraught,
Beyond all human nature. The awful deep
And length and breadth and height, Oh! Is there aught
In the wide universe whose pinions sweep
The trackless regions which yonder have been wrought?
See earth-born genius forth impassioned leap!
See yonder on the moon that soon exhausted heap!

What volumns and inconceivable masses
Are floating in yon sky? This granite frame
With mountains, forests, seas, land and all, glasses
The worlds as a soap bubble in a game
Of childhood images the thing we name
The earth. Uranus, icy Neptune,
Ringed Saturn and Jupiter of belted fame,
These magnitudes with whom ourselves commune,
Are mighty globes whose shadows mere might shame
Our bloated size. Dimensionless the king of noon
Could hide the solar system in the spots on his illume.

This thirteen hundred thousand times the earth
Is but a baby world to some of these
First seen thousands of years after the birth
Of light. The eye of the astronomer sees
Traces of such monster worlds. Enormities
Of size he knows exists but cannot climb
By any strength or dreams that fancy please:
Millions of miled diameters, with prime
Circumferences broken by the seas,
Mountains, land and storms and everything to rhyme
The vast gigantic scales where nature works sublime.

Omnipotence is but a word elsewhere,
But here, here are the infinities of power;
The almighty energies that dare
From nothingness create this bower
Of dynamic wonder crowded suns. Our
Little earth confounds our strength and shakes
Us into fear by earthquakes that devour
Our element defying weakness. Who makes
These stupendous lightning motors that drive the tower
Of day and night? Omnipotence expiates
In infinite infinities of suns and planet mates.

A horse-power! A horse-power must be multiplied
A billion times, and then be cast away
For a solar unit which doth but hide
The almightiness that round us has its sway.
These centripitals and centrifugals stay
The first archangel's visions and confounds
Man's speech, his dreams and figures of display.
Nature's reservoiral energies abound
Still unexhausted, and fresh creations dismay
The magnitudes that circle here around
In constellated march, forever more renowned.

Equal or past the volumn, power and space,
Is the expansion of the sense of time.
How contemptuous the periods of our race
Unto the age that with the world doth rhyme!
These astronomic ages! How sublime
The mighty roll of these celestial spheres
Whose million years upon each other climb
As waves climb up the murmuring shores! The years
Before the moon, the earth, the planets prime,
As rending thunders strike upon the ears,
Pause as with solemn awe and shadow us with fears.

How old is the golden vested king of noon?
How vain the symbols in the answer told!
Figures are as empty as a gauze festoon
Which on the moon a summer breath has rolled.
Twenty million years is estimate not bold,
And even this some multiply a score;
But this or that what spirit can it hold?
Our sun is young; others have vastly more
Of age upon them. Most solemnizing old
These flickering stars upon night's purple floor!
Almost to everlasting our spirits onward soar.

Thus we are lifted above life and time.
A mighty spirit sweeps us o'er the earth,
Over time's changes, over nature's prime,
And past the hour of her sunlike glorious birth.
Intensities of awe and noblest mirth
Bear us on to the distant fire creations
Of nebulosities of extended girth.
Incarnate in the very condensations
We slowly live up to the present worth,
Through the times, process and differentiations
That builds the universe up to its glorious stations.

We are bound along the mighty evolutions
From heterogeneous elements most raw,
And see the growth of nature's institutions,
Matter, biologies, intelligence and awe.
The reach and sweep of everlasting law
Inspire and light imagination's eyes
To see worlds born, and then sink in the maw
Of what might seem annihilation. They rise
Through geologic dynasties, though they draw
Some of the past entail; but promise cries
A still diviner course along the azure skies.

Still onward we are bound by flight benign
Though earthquake shocks of conflict round us ring,
As the higher powers with victory divine
Sloughs off the old that doth around it cling.
The earth decays; a burnt out cinder the king
Of noon desolves to nought, and another mass
With potentialities more rich doth spring
Into its place. The constellations pass
Like panoramic scenes, and others fling
A brighter splendor and another glory glass
Of something more sublime as these the earth surpass.

Changes to higher transformation is the line
By which the universe doth upward wing.
There must be ideals more splendid and divine
Than those who lift unto this height did bring.
Ends of vast, vaster majesty must king
The long ascension, for on each higher plane
Eonic and celestial song doth fling
Eclipsing visions on the heart and brain.
What can exhaust the Infinite? This thing
Of earth? or his dreams of selfish gain?
A million years of growth or heaven's heightless reign?

We are lost amid the future contemplations
And find ourselves within the distant age,
After vast change, amid the new creations
The prophet scarce dare tell unto his page.
The unaccustomed passions so engage
This frail humanity that we are worn
With the divine intensity of rage.
We calm descend yet feel we are upborne
To other thoughts that fit our present stage;
But night lifts up, and spirit strength unshorn
Sees starry visions blest the morning sun might scorn.

The dumb, unconscious beast beholds thee not,
And multitudes of more unconscious men
Storm o'er the earth with blindest fevers hot,
And through their course of three score years and ten
Not once, so much as once lift up the ken
To view thy flaming glories. But if the sight
Falls on the heart the universe again
Brings forth the heir. A new cosmopolite
Emerges from the beasts amid the fen;
Emerges with his face unto the height,
Receives and back reflects the splendors of the light.

There is no mechanician in the world
But looks with vast astonishment on high.
The huge machine by huger forces whirled
Intoxicates the true machinist's eye.
The revolutions along the azure sky
Of circles and ellipses, the rotation
Directed and reverse of masses as they fly
Undeviating orbits, the inclination
Of the axes to the plane and the perfect ply
Of every cog throughout the wide creation
Is a mechanic's joy and lasting contemplation.

Physical scientists and philosophers
Of mind, men of the noblest sweep and height
Of thought, teachers whose intelligence transfers
The world from plane to plane, with rich delight,
Most solemn awe, and inspirations white,
Oft contemplate this galaxy of splendors,
These processional majesties, these bright
Prodigalities of power and sunlike spenders
Of infinite generosity. The height
Of passion this vision to earth tenders
Gives victory over time and space asunder renders.

But most of all, Oh most of all! the saints
Have loved thee Night and thy exalted bowers,
So uncontaminated by the taints
Of life and time and all that man devours.
The Infinite and the Eternal powers
Of purity with thee hold habitation,
And from thy starry elevations their showers
Drench the spirit, till they become incarnations
Of his character. Thy solemn hours
Are sacred to his Spirit's ministrations,
Baptisms in his life and moral exaltations.

This plan forever shames all architectural
Genius. It dwindles this planet of the sun
To a mere vestibule for intellectual
Being. The architectonic builders run
The temple like construction as to stun
All heaven's visions. A vast sublimity
Arches our entrance to creation
And ushers us to a high infinity
Of solar systems. The universe has won,
Adopts us, and within a new divinity
Awakes and finds and claims kindred and affinity.

Oh what a spacious, all-sustaining base
Is this vast culminating universe
For a rich and multitudinous race
Of intellect and morals! Oh who could nurse
The thought that moral beings never verse
The worlds out of impeachment to intelligence
Vast, vast beyond our own! Is this disburse
Of mighty worlds a spectacular pretense
And empty vanity? On this atom what unpurse
Of vastest elements? More noble and intense
Must be and rule the spheres of such magnificence.

There must be others! Hierarchal reigns
Of love and purity, of triumphant power
And beauty must exist in those domains
Of starry splendor. The immortals tower
Yonder in their strength and golden dower;
The ripe perfections within the prophet's sense
Flower from within and round them. No sins devour
Nor light upon them, nor any of the dense
And blind idolatries of earth. There shower
The infinite eternal hearts intense
And all the generations go singing soaring hence.

Somewhere amid these starry spheres, Oh night!
Or in the void of unmaterial space
The Infinite and the Eternal Right
Builds up the world from whence his chosen race
Doth rule the universe. Is not the place
Most inconceivable in magnificence
When its dependencies and physical base
Is on the scale of such omnipotence
And fronts us with this transcendental grace!
World! World supreme! Our spirit passions tense,
Are looking up to thee and crowding forward hence.

Oh astronomy! Astronomy!

Thou art the queen of sciences. The universe
Is thy boundless empire and eternity

Thy throne of majesty where thou dost unpurse
Power and life's exhaustless fulness, and disburse
Thy blessings unto the wide creation.

The worlds thou liftest from chaotic curse

And round thy everlasting station
Spiritlike they congregate. They glorious verse

Thy presence, splendor and exaltation
Which round the heavens casts sublimest fascination.

Thou art the mother of intellectual

Being. Thou bringest forth the passioned hour
Of intensities in man, and time's usurping spell

Destroyest in his heart. Thou art the power
Whose expansion recreates with vast endower

These faculties, and communicates to soul
The transcendental elements that tower

On high. The mighty amplitudes that roll
Through thy uncircled spirit becomes our

Temperamental quality, and to the whole
Created universe thou dost our spirits pole.

Oh mother of this heaven soaring mind!

Oh mother of this godlike breasted heart!

Oh parent of divine begotten kind

Which thee and thine within our beings start!

What creations to a shining chart

Sublimar than the worlds! What intensities
Of passion which thy spirits free impart!

What expansion beyond the cumberous densities
Of earth! and what idealisms dart

Upon us changing time's propensities,
As we are face to face with thee and thy immensities!

Oh imperial passioned mother of the great!
What mean these strange experiences of time?
Why are we led to bound this incommensurate
Creation? Why are we forced to the prime
Battle of being and with the elements sublime
Contend until the mastery we gain?
Why thus impelled these awful heights to climb?
And inspired to understand the strain
The systems round, forever on us chime?
Why conflict, conquest, triumph and a plane
Where these mechanics vast go circling in the brain?

What means this most memorial sacrament
To life's intelligence? and the significance
Of this baptism into the element-
Al powers of being? What means this inductance
To the vast estates that base the super-sense
Abilities? and this domestication
Of a child of time in the wide immens-
Ities of uncircumscribed creation?
What means this capacity of imminence
And transcendency o'er matter and mutation
By the earth-born, mortal and prisoner to his station?

Does it not mean there is a living breath
And being shaped upon the infinite?
Something unkindred to space and time and death,
And in its element upon the summit
Of creation, drinking in most passionate
The splendors of intelligence and power
And life and beauty that forever flit
Across its bosom. Is not the glorious hour
Out of the deep and from the heights of spirit?
Does it not prophet-like announce our
Certain immortality as fruit foretells the flower?

Can this being of intensest consciousness?

Of length and breadth and height and depth and sweep
Beyond all limits that upon us press,

Return again into its native deep
Of nothingness! Can the heart and mind that keep
The universe within its compass drink

Annihilation? Will it not rather leap

When it doth come to nature's awful brink,
To freedom, power and glory on the steep

Of heaven? How impossible to think
Creation's crown of life in death can ever sink!

Oh Nature, Night and astronomic Soul!

Oh infinite and most eternal Power
That through mankind and all creations roll,
The fullness that thy being doth endower!

Is not this where ye bring the narrow hour
Of our mortality to deep baptize

It in eternity? whose spirit doth devour
The bondage sense that on the mortal lies.

Another consciousness comes up to tower

Commandingly upon the azure skies,
And round the starry spans cast her imperial eyes.

Oh Night! Oh Night! Oh most beloved Night!

Mother and nurse of being's powers divine!

Oh cast thy spells of starry magic might

Upon our minds and still more make them thine!

Under thy constellations, Oh pour the wine

Of living thought upon this thirsty mortal

And fellowship our low, unworthy line!

Oh lead us through each starry flaming portal

And lift us to the height of thy design!

Oh clothe us with thy character so courtal

And like thy splendors bright, Oh march us on immortal

Oh Night! Oh Night! Oh most beloved Night!
Mother and nurse and prophet of the child
Designed to rise to being's awful height
Upon this base thou hast so glorious piled.
Oh Magnanimous! Majestic! Undeiled!
The solitude and silence is delight
In thy society, and man so time beguiled
Becomes with thee the true cosmopolite
In the universe that has upon him smiled.
Few! Few are dearer than thou unto our sight!
Oh most beloved Night! Oh most beloved Night!

THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

Oh hail bright maiden! Hail!
From thy mortal swoon
What spirit rent the veil?
What life restored the boon?
And sent thy queenly soul to seek thy lover noon?

Who nursed thee from the trance?
Who broke the shadowed spell
That in the hour of dance
Upon thy being fell?
Who brought thee to the light where starry splendors
dwell?

Oh hail bright maiden! Hail!
What life reviving dream
O'er thy brain did sail,
Upon thy heart did stream,
That from thy liquid rest thy soul it should redeem?

Hast thy mother earth,
The mother most divine,
Brought thee again to birth
And will the infant shine
That glowed upon thy face upon that morn benign?

In thy soul's eclipse,
Did thy death beguile
Thy lover to thy lips
There to rest awhile?
And did his burning kiss awake this rapture smile?

Or hast thou been above
In thy bower so bright
To gaze upon thy love
Across the cone of night?
And is this smiling life his answering delight?

In the evening's hush
What breath of love or wine,
Upon thy cheeks do flush?
And from thy heart divine
Like some celestial fire doth through thy being shine?

Has now some spirit blest
With flowers of sweet perfume
Just placed upon thy breast
Boquet of rarest bloom?
And whispered in thy ear some story of thy groom?

Perhaps delightful music
The echoes of the spheres,
Doth strike thee to the quick;
Is raining on thy ears
Sweet fancies, thoughts and dreams of swiftly-coming
years.

Perhaps love's intensity,
High as starry height,
Deep as is the sea,
Warm as summer night,
Pure as whitest fire, circles thee like light.

But why art thou so cold
That thou dost fly apace
From hearts that do unfold
The fullness of their grace?
And ask but in return a smile of thy bright face?

The dancing spirits gay
Who love thee, in the wood
Have left their fairy play
And near the edge have stood
Have turned from watching thee to hide in solitude.

A maiden like to thee
A pure and fragile cloud,
Who came up from the sea
In her soft silver shroud
Has gone away to weep, heart-broke by thee so proud.

Thy sisters in the sea
In face and form and light,
Twin spirits like to thee,
Are trembling through the night
With hope that thou wilt turn and feed this longing sight.

Stars and planets pale
For thy love do pine;
Their sweet lights do fail
For their eyes divine
Are wearied with the watch they ever keep on thine.

Thy presence bright awakes
Dreams in the meteor's trance,
So glad her sleep she shakes
In her swift shining dance,
Whose joyous love for thee now kills thy scornful glance.

Like the very queen
Of heaven's starry height
Crowned in golden sheen,
Clad in robes of light,
Thou ridest past the earth and all that lifts the sight.

Thy faith has no doubt
That might make thee miss,
His love which streams out
Like a celestial kiss
To rest upon thy heart, prophetic of thy bliss.

The sense of what thou art,
Oh beautiful to sight!
The passion in thy heart,
Oh Empress of the night!
Is burning for the hour thy spirits will unite.

That best and bridal day
Must be drawing near,
That such resplendent ray
Through the night's dark sphere
Should pour such floods of light so gentle, soft and clear.

Thy overflowing joy
Shoots down a piercing dart
On youth and maiden coy,
Till thy celestial art
Has nourished into life the best within the heart.

Under thy soft rain
Hearts are growing strong,
And strength at last they gain
To tell what is not wrong,
Those sacred thoughts the sweetest, each has wished for
long.

Beneath thy magic spell
The magic word is found;
Two fountain spirits well;
Two hearts in one are bound
And thou has seen and heard, and them with gladness
crowned.

Through the window light
Thou on the sleepers stream;
Thy rays of magic might
Within their beings teem;
A bridegroom and a bride, a dream within a dream.

But Oh that passing cloud
Upon thy breast and face!
That wraps thee like a shroud
As round a mortal race,
To disappoint the hope that life and love embrace.

Like ours Oh radiant maid!
Hast thy love a moan?
Art thou e'er afraid
Lest the earth's dark cone,
Like death will come between, and leave thee all alone?

Fear not! He an urn has filled
With precious golden dew,
That has been distilled
From his dome of blue
To sprinkle on thy heart and thy young life renew.

He will send thee now
Fleecy sandals rare;
Stars to gem thy brow;
Veils of misty air;
And rainbow ribbon bands to bind thy streaming hair,

His chariot of the wind,
His steeds of swiftest time,
Along the zodiac signed
With images sublime,
Bear thee all heaven's queen while starry echoes chime.

Oh snowy breasted maid!
Oh spirit vainly sought!
Though sin and sorrow weighed,
On earth may not be bought
That purity of thine which in thy face is wrought.

Farewell chaste bride! Farewell!
May joy attend thy flight!
My heart songs ne'er can tell
Its wish for thy delight
When thou hast joined thy love in the bowers of morn-
ing bright.

HOME SONGS

A MOTHER'S DREAM SONG.

Oh mother, mother broken hearted!
Heaving bosom! Sobbing breast!
Heart from heart the dearest parted,
Better than thine own and best!
Weep mother weep! Flow fountain flow!
Tears heal our grief and make us grow.

Weep! Oh weep! Oh broken-hearted!
Thy fresh grief Oh now unbind!
Grief is deadly if unparted
To the rain and night and wind.
In lonely, raven-darkness weep
Till slumber seals thy soul with sleep.

Sweet thy dreams on thorny pillow!
Angel faces griefs beguile;
From beyond the glassy billow
On thy heart they brightly smile.
And sing on wounded heart and brain
A dream to soothe thy surging pain.

"Spirit, her whom thou bewailest,
Soul of mingled love and light,
Softest, dearest, purest, frailest,
Do not weep her mortal flight!
A seraph bright as golden morn
Did visit earth when she was born."

"From the heart of hearts divinest
Bore to thee his choicest gift;
A heart, which as it soft untwinest
From the earth thy own did lift,
And showed to thee Oh wand'ring heart!
He is as to thy babe thou art."

"Through sunny noon and starry night,
While thy babe slept in thy breast,
Round thee and thine this seraph bright
Stood and did no mind has guessed.
The fervent fountains of love's heart
In thine from hers did often start."

"Did thy cradle-angel sicken
And her light of life grow pale?
Seraph love and care did quicken
More than thine o'er her the frail.
When broken was the golden bowl
Her pure and lily-crystal soul"

"With more than tenderest mother love
Clasped she in her panting breast;
Then through the cone of night above
Clove she death though storm oppressed,
And oft she looked upon that face
Such looks as none have seen for grace."

"Arrived at heaven's jasper gates
With thy dear now dearer birth,
Her bright and burning fervent mates
Ask to see this soul of earth.
They gaze and smile and speak divine
And utter prayer for thee and thine."

"Up golden streets on toward the throne,
Where the Father's face of light
Forever smiles upon his own
With a world of sweet delight;
On toward this face and burning breast
This seraph with thy babe has pressed."

"Those Father arms of love divine,
Tender more than tenderest,
With eyes no mother love can sign,
Folds thy babe into his breast.
He folds her in as his own birth
And dearer for her stay on earth.

"In his heart of hearts divinest,
Under grace and love and light,
While swift time her course untwinest
Groweth up thy baby bright;
Thy warmest thought and tenderest care
As winter frosts with his compare."

"Oh mother then no longer pine;
She is his more than thine own;
Since in his breast and he divine
Hush thy broken-hearted moan.
Still trust, Oh trust the heart above!
His act, his thought, his name is love."

"While sorrow bows thee in the dust
Harken to this golden chime!
Thy babe in his warm bosom trust;
By it thou shalt upward climb,
And find thy child, thyself and him,
And worlds of life no death can dim."

CHILDREN'S BED-SONG.

The hour is come when I must sleep,
So I would sing Thy love;
Upon the notes of evening's song
Would wing my prayer above.

I love, I love Thee dearest Lord
For giving me mama;
And just as much my heart would love
For such a dear papa.

They feed and clothe me, care and love;
Their hearts encircle mine;
I love thee for they say their hearts
Are filled with love from Thine.

My mama often to me speaks
Of sins and Calvary;
And shows Thy cross of shame and death
As Thine own love to me.

Now Jesus dear as mama does
When I my wrongs confess,
Kiss Thou my sins from off my mind
And with Thy love me bless.

My papa oft kneels down beside
My cradle as I sleep,
And prays that Thou his little lamb
Will guide and save and keep.

If he should come and kneel to-night
Oh hear my papa's prayer!
Were I awake these words of his,
To Thee my heart would bear.

My prayer is sung to Thee dear Lord.
Soon sleep mine eyes will close;
Send down with sleep my angel guard
To watch my night's repose.

INFLUENCE OF BABY.

I've studied my dear baby girl
Since heaven gave her to me;
When gazes her blue eyes in mine
Her little heart I see.
I've watched her many an evening hour
From play till bed time still,
Yet never in her crystal soul
Could see a trace of ill.

When e'er I hold my little girl
Close up against my heart
Fountains of warm and sweetest life
Within my soul do start.
In rapturous joy and tenderness
I draw her closer still;
There's nought like her upon my breast
In this wide world of ill.

My tears oft bathe her lilly brow
When sleeping on my heart,
Since then I feel from her pure soul
To mine she does impart
A sense of woeful change and loss,
Of evil, guilt and shame,
As I have soiled the spotless robes
In which I hither came.

Oh could I be as baby dear!
Pure as the driven snow,
All that I have and am to-day
I gladly would forego.
I'd pass through seas of cleansing fire
If I might reach the shore
Which baby's feet are treading now
And I have trod of yore.

Father! Led by my little girl
I turn and sin I flee;
Oh make me as in years ago
When first I came from Thee!
Oh shed Thy love within my soul,
That cleansing fire divine!
Till in my heart again I am
Pure as this child of Thine.

FAT MEDICINE.

Tom has a little girl as frail
And fragile as a cloud,
What time they through the azure sail
As spotless as a shroud.
Her mortal frame could hardly claim
A spirit mould to be;
More like a dream for soul doth seem
So bodiless and free.

She weakness is and tenderness,
Just pallid flesh and bone;
A lily-flower of slenderness
By child play overthrown.
Oft ailing, sick and feeling pain,
And always weak and lean;
Her mortal race to woman's grace
In doubt is often seen.

The doctor feeds her appetite
With medicines for fat;
But they have failed when best applied
As worthless this as that.
So, as often as she comes to me,
Or I to see her pine
I go and see and give her free
Some medicine of mine.

I fold her in my bosom deep;
My kisses on her dart;
And with the kiss there is a leap
Of something to her heart.
I kiss her o'er and o'er and o'er;
With every kiss there goes
A portion of the crimson store
With which love overflows.

The pennies, toys and candies sweet
Are sandwiched in with kisses;
And when our hearts together beat
There is a glow of blisses.
"Oh honey! this will make you fat;
This medicine is fine;
Just feed the doctor's to the cat
But take a lot of mine."

So by the medicine we all
Unto her freely give,
Just like a flower beside the wall
She gathers strength to live.
And as to girlhood up she grows
She slowly leaves behind
The sickness, pain and mortal foes
That round her cradle twined.

Oh Lovers! Lovers! Lovers glad!
No need to tell to you,
This medicine has ever had
A heart of crimson hue.
Ye both have found what doctors miss
And wise men often scorn:
That love is life and in a kiss
Life's strength is often born.

Oh husband bare, behold her there!
Is she not growing lean,
Who once was young and fresh and fair
As eyes have ever seen?
Oh use this medicine of mine!
I'll wager you a hat
That she again will grow divine,
And you grow green and fat.

Of wisdom, age and hoary time!
'Tis life and love and joy
Which kisses sweet but sets to rhyme
That saves us from destroy.
Your sorrow, greed and hate and scorn,
No strength can ever give
They never kiss and always miss
The strength by which we live.

Oh children, maidens, men and all
Let us forever love!
Then heaven itself will either fall
Or we rise up above.
Oh Love! Oh Love that never dies!
Oh Love that overflows!
Within our bosoms gently rise
And feed these infant glows.

THE REJECTED'S FAITH.

There's just as good fish in the sea
As ever yet were taken;
There's just as sweet fruit on the tree
As ever down was shaken;
There's brighter scraps in the sky
Than mortals have beholden;
There's dearer maidens by and by;
So wait the season golden.

A LOVER'S SONG.

The maiden of my summer dreams
I met one happy morn,
When suns of love were pouring streams
And golden joys were born.
A nature from the azure skies,
A rainbow purity;
The spirit in her liquid eyes
Soft beamed and smiled on me.

That smile it filled me with delight
And fed my heart for days;
I wished but just another sight
That on my vision plays.
We met and Oh her voice divine
Was music to my ear!
Her words and their sweet soul enshrine
Echoed as from a sphere.

Again we met, and her soft hand
Was friendshipped in my own;
I felt some magic spirit band
Their influence round had thrown.
It thrilled my spirit to the deep;
It crimsoned cheek and brow;
It woke a thousand thoughts from sleep
And vowed the sacred vow.

Still deeper, deeper in my heart
This angel came with bliss;
I gave my best immortal part,
Betrothed her with a kiss.
I throned her on my spirit's throne,
And crowned her with my joy;
So finding hope before unknown,
Strength, truth and high employ.

When pass again the winter's gloom
And yonder azures smile,
When birds will sing and flowers will bloom
I'll lead her up the aisle
When youth and maidens gladness bring
And envy me or pine,
My heart with raptures new will sing
"Mine! Mine! Forever mine!"

Upon these earthly golden heights
Still more and more my own!
When yonder 'mid the starry lights
Still mine and mine alone!
Through life and loss and pain and tears
Love grows though all decline;
Somewhere amid the golden spheres
"Mine! Mine! Forever mine!"

A WOMAN'S WAY.

"Oh dear, this daily round I hate!
The same old things, the same!
Oh for a change by any fate!
I'd even change my name!"

"All right!" the youth replied, "I'll change,
And change it into mine.
Oh come ! Together let us range
And feed this hungry pine."

"You! You! Oh such a thing as you!
Such a rag, a scrap, a patch!
The last man on the earth would do
Before with you I'd match."

Later we passed a cottage neat;
A singing soul espied.
"Who is that happy heart we greet?"
"Oh! That's Miss B. the bride."

THE ANNIVERSARY.

What! To-night the return of the night that was brightest
Through years of thy youth and the hopes of thy heart;
When love crowned in blossoms and robed in the whitest
Her soul and its trust in thy own did impart.

Are the bright forms of memory enchanting and streaming
Now thawing thy heart and inspiring thy mind?
May the hopes and the joys and the sweetness and dreaming
Flow down on thy soul till thy tears do unbind.

Behold in yon window are bunches of roses
For beauty and music and praise and delight;
But hers the divinest that toward thee ne'er closes
Has not worn thy rose since that long bridal night.

Then pick out the whitest or those that are turning
To faintest fine yellow and sprinkled with dew,
Or some with red tingeing as if a heart burning
With love that was crimson would waken thine new.

On branches the greenest now bear home thy roses;
Her bosom will lend them a beauty most rare;
When flowers of a heart on another reposes
They blossom and fragrance as no other where.

Oh what is this warming and melting and flowing
That circles thy heart like a draught of sweet wine?
If dreams of our past have such sweetness and glowing
Oh what would love have if it knew no decline?

See! She waits at the window. Is she the same maiden
That day filled thy mind and high swelled it with pride?
The warm heart and loving can see a soul laden
If but with a thought and though smiles it would hide.

She catches the brightness and soft liquid gleaming
That love in the heart flings out through the eyes.
Its lightning contagion has waked the old dreaming
When every return brought her sweeter surprise.

Now bring out the roses; the roses whose passion
Has wide channels been for deep feeling most blest;
With manner and motion in true lover fashion
Pin them on her heart and her deep heaving breast.

Sit down by the fender before the coal burning;
Draw her to thy side and deep into thy heart,
As a lover long distant and now in returning
His loved one enclasps as no more to depart.

Free murmur thy heart, for the heart's deep emotion
Can find the sweet thoughts and the still sweeter tones;
'Twill be life to her heart to unseal the devotion
That deep in thy spirit her spirit enthrones.

Tell how the heart fountains afresh have been broken
That love from its pledges of truth should decline.
That time should engross thee to give no new token
Of her that is dearer than all undivine.

Ask first to forgive for the heart's hidden sorrow
Of love's unexpected and partial eclipse;
As each summer sun is surpassed by the morrow
Thy heart should grow warmer and flow from thy lips.

Thy silence and coldness in coming and going
Have cast on her heart, doubt, fear, strife and pain;
But just drop a tear and her heart's overflowing
Forgives and rejoices and calls loss a gain.

Tell how in thy heart is a mansion most golden,
With deep granite base and with high splendored dome;
And blessings and beauties no mortals beholden
Are centered and queened in who makes it a home.

Tell how thy deep passions oft round her are flowing
With foaming and sparkling and murmuring joy;
While populous thought's wingéd, mounting and glowing
Look up in her face in thy deepest employ.

She should know that her image oft round thee is winging
In street and in hall and in gain's busy mart,
With sweetness and shining and gladness and singing
To the something divine that dwells deep in thy heart.

Oh has not that image upon thee cast beauty!
And led out thy mind to the splendors of light!
Oh has it not throned and enmajestied duty
Supreme and sublime on the dazzling height!

Has it not stemmed the currents that round thee were sweeping
Of darkness and power and incitements to crime?
Hast thou not felt its strong but mysterious keeping
And passed the dark flood to a safe sunny clime?

Has not her white presence with power afar banished
The dark forms of sense that arose on thy mind?
And sanctified manhood when these had all vanished
Have virtues beheld of the high heaven's kind.

Has it not made thee thoughtful and patient and gentle!
Has it not taught thee kindness to man and to beast!
Has it no visions brought thee of God the parental
Who mothers all souls from the first to the least!

Thy heart's alabaster again be unbroken;
Its fragrance and sweetness and healing be poured
With tones and sweet touch and with heart prompted token,
In hers who all sweetness in thine has instored.

Oh tell it out free! for the speech will unburden
The tensions of fear and the doubtings of love;
Such weakness is strength and thy spirit will girden
With powers that descend to thy soul from above.

Her heart into thine will afresh pour its treasure,
The divine soul in both will burst forth like a fount,
From the height it descends will be the vast measure
To which on its bosom both spirits will mount.

Then,

Oft pick out the roses when home thou art turning
The roses of beauty and odor divine;
Pin them on her heart and both hearts anew burning
Will know what love has when it knows no decline.

THE NEW ADVICE.

"If you would keep your husband's love
And find the fruitful root
Of virtues all, below, above,
Then feed, just feed the brute."

"If you would have a wife divine,
A heavenly kingdom rule,
The all for which man's heart can pine,
Then dress, just dress the fool."

WOMAN.

A little flash,
A little dash,
A little cash,
And most of women go in smash.

THE BEST BABY.

Oh what a sweet celestial birth!
Oh what a babe divine!
Oh what a lovers' blossomed mirth
Filling their hearts with wine!
Such holy face and light within
Outbursting in a smile;
And brow with purity from sin
Or faintest trace of guile;
Such eyes of soft divinest power
For God is in their gaze;
And lips more dear and sweet, than flower
Or music-song can praise;
Such pansy-velvet flushing cheek;
Soft hands and dimpled chin;
Oh ye for joy no more may seek
For all joy here ye win!
On afternoons in summer hours
My heart knows where to stray,
I see the nurses with love's flowers
Light up life's shadowed way.
Though gazing in each baby face
I took each part divine,
United them with perfect grace
It ne'er could match with thine.
In dreams I've seen a baby bright
And called it, "Mine! Oh mine!"
As dreams fly far when hope takes flight
The baby best is thine.

"Oh Mr. Nimmo! My young heart
Leaps up with rainbow light;
From each sweet golden drop, doth start
New joys toward heaven bright.
Within my soul angels are singing
Almost delirious mirth;

Such echoes dear around me ringing
Drowns deep the noise of earth.
I knew your words would greet my song;
The pure unselfish youth
By instinct high is far from wrong
And utters only truth,
I sing to friends, husband and brother,
'This is the world's best birth,
And may around be seen no other
Of such beauty, joy and worth,'
'Tis so; no cloud my heart can doubt;
With other babes set mine,
And every eye will single out
A babe as bright as thine.
But hold! Have I not heard you sing
With baby in your breast,
And as you soared on joyous wing
Oft echoed back: 'Best! Best!'
When your own Tom and sister Mary
Returned home to be blessed,
The elfish boy and curly fairy
You praised and called each best.
Of every babe you say the same;
Oh! May not your heart of youth
Be shadowed by a mother's blame;
Now tell the honest truth."

Calm, calm thy jealous heart my child!
Let love be large, divine!
A mother's heart I ne'er beguiled,
The baby best is thine.
For babies are like springtime's birth,
Or golden summer light;
Or those ripe joys of autumn's mirth,
Or winter's starry night;
Like clouds of richest sunset ray,
Or rainbows round the storm;

Or pluméd throats' enraptured lay,
Or flowers with hearts most warm;
Like silver moons in limped lakes,
Or music round the sea;
Or light from maiden brow that breaks,
Or stories of the free;
Like beauty in her flushing joy,
And all things most divine;
Like all whose presence calms annoy,
Whose absence makes us pine;
These souls possess a magic dower,
And each and all are blest;
When held within each charming power
The last one is the best.

A WISH.

My Dear! Just read that foolish line.
Oh womankind are mad!
The only thing that is divine
Is folly fashion clad.
From reason's virtues now divorced
To folly they are wed;
And round her circles ever forced
And by her daily fed.

They need no character today.
Oh anything in pants!
A monkey and a monkey's play
And money them entrance.
As man by gold, so womanness
By nothing now is bought;
A nothing in an evening dress
And thousands may be caught.

The folly of their fashion's dress,
Of idle vanity,
Of pleasure, pride and wealthiness
Is like insanity.
I half believe what Darwin thought;
For sure such foolishness,
Is just a monkey little taught
And togged up in a dress.

The old ideal womankind,
A helpmate unto man,
A helpmate which the heavens find
To build their noblest plan,
Is shattered now or laughed away,
Or lying in the dust;
Like and unlike a child at play
For folly all is thrust.

To make a home was once an art;
She mothered true the young,
With God and heaven in her heart
And gladness on her tongue.
The home it was a glory then;
The mother crowned with fame;
Oh dark the dark eclipses when
Her glory is her shame!

Another spirit has the throne;
Another has the heart;
Whom both the good and wise disown
And from her far depart.
Oh anything but want of thought
And moral earnestness!
Oh anything but want of thought
And foolish effervesce!

So when I see as I must see
By word and ear and look,
I scorn them far and wander free
By forest, field or brook;
I leave, I leave them far behind,
And wander on my way;
But here I pause and for my kind
My wishing heart obey.

Oh is there not a world divine!
A world of men alone!
With woman banished o'er the line,
Or better, never known!
How many and many a man in this!
By woman's folly free,
Has wished just such a bower of bliss
Where starry spaces be.

In such a world creation's lord
Grows up unto his plan;
Unfolding all within him poured,
The noble world of man.
Oh world of young and happy boys!
Oh bright aspiring youth!
Oh manhood's prime which nought destroys!
Oh hoary sires of truth!

Oh what a world of manhood's height!
Oh bright celestial race!
Oh men! Oh men! ye rich bedight
Thy very things with grace.
To think of thee in but a dream
Oh how the passions pine!
To feel thy presence on us stream
Is sense and hope divine.

If wish can prophecy what is,
There must be in the sky
Just such a world, and Oh the bliss
To hold it in the eye!
Is that it yonder shining there?
I'll spread my eagle wings!
I'll trust the vision shining fair!
I'll follow where it brings!

I'm rising to the world of men;
The vision grows more clear;
The earth is falling off my ken;
And larger grows the sphere.
Oh noble world! Oh noble world
Of boys and youth and man!
Of all the worlds around me whirled
No brighter do I scan.

Ye envy me my noble peers
Whom I must leave behind;
But I'll remember in the spheres
And soon come back you'll find.
Oh! then ye all shall go with me,
We'll leave the sisterhood;
We hope that they will better be
But we'll grow as we should.

Let hope now ante-date the day,
Our joys they overflow;
Oh world of womanhood away!
Away! Away we go!
Your follies now we free forgive!
Repent! Repent we pray!
Oh world of men forever live!
Away! Away! Away!

There, there my dear, don't look so glum;
Nor murmur eye or lip;
For when I go I'll say "Come! Come!
Come, join me in my trip."
Since we have met not very far
From each we've been below;
So when I wing to that bright star
Beloved thou shalt go.

But hold! Oh hold! I'll take that back!
That pledge I'll hold in fee!
A gathering cloud around my track
Debates and pauses me.
There's danger in that happy joy
To them and you and me;
I'll leave thee here and after cloy
Come back again to thee.

One woman when the world began
Made all our sorrows stream;
One woman in the world of man
Oh who would dare to dream!
Thy spirit new before their eyes
Would kindle all aglow.
Such envy for a single prize
Would more than sorrows sow.

Alone among those kingly peers
Admired and praised by all;
Oh listen with your spirit ears!
Do whispers on them fall?
Of woman's sin, her vanity;
Of woman's wish, a thrall;
Of woman's pride, insanity
In those that round her fall?

And I who love thee as my life,
And life is more than heart,
From that high world to this of strife
In silence would depart.
When fallen from a golden throne,
When broke the eagle's wing,
Deserted, wandering and alone,
Oh who could soar and sing?

No! No my dear! When there I go,
I'll leave thee here behind.
I'll leave thee in the vales I know
Where I again can find.
I'd lose a throne and diadem,
All stars that gem the blue,
The royal spirits crowning them
Before I would lose you.

Away Oh dream! Oh come to me!
Thou art my heart's delight!
My heart shall ever stay with thee
Oh angel of my sight!
Farewell! Farewell uncertain light!
These scraps of men be thine!
The world pure womanhoods bedight,
These worlds and thou be mine!

THE BABY SHOW.

A half a dozen mothers met
 Upon a summer day;
And tender in the shade were set
 The births that made the day.
The babes that made the day for them
And made the sun a paltry gem,
 Were cradled there
 And each was fair
As lovers' eyes could wish or bear.

Each baby's praise was said and sung
 In words of warmest fire;
No poet with delirious tongue
 Could equal their inspire.
The lover and the loved one lives
Where all is bright superlatives.
 The mother heart
 Has love's best art
And round her babe does all impart.

At last the youngest said and smiled;
 "Let's have a baby show."
I know the thought that her beguiled
 Though love would hide it low.
"Agreed! Agreed!" the chorus sung,
And toward their infants instant sprung.
 The prize, the prize
 Was in each eyes
Nor dreamed how doubt could here arise.

A maid to me the most divine
By chance she came along;
I called the mothers to the line
And told to her the song.
Now she'll be judge and so decide
Between your fondness and your pride;
For hearts that feel
And drunken reel
How could they such a claim now seal?

Such looks of hot contempt and flame,
And words of sharpest fire,
From lips and eyes and faces came,
I shook before their ire.
But Oh upon my bride divine!
Fell epithets of salted brine;
Until we fled
But still we said:
We'll see the show that love has led.

Each promised to impartial be;
Each flung away her pride;
Each scorned the honor she could see;
Each from her hope untied;
Truth, truth shall tell what babe is best
In looks and health and all the rest
Of baby wiles
And angel smiles
And promises that love beguiles.

Each looked into each baby face,
Right down into the heart,
And every named and nameless grace
Fixed on her mental chart.
Then here and there, round, to and fro,
Compared the points the others show;
Life's lightest things
On fairy springs
Were balanced till the judgment wings.

A silence deep, and then was cast
A most momentous note;
The solemn truth was written fast
For history in a vote:
Each mother when the vote was read
Wore victory on her flaming head,
For just one vote
Had every note,
No two alike in that same boat.

No evidence did bend a vote
So much as by a hair,
Though every mother thought each note
Would her own judgment share.
Oh how could any babe outshine
The angel of each heart divine?
It were a shame
Such perfect claims
Against each other thus to frame.

Oh every mother's babe is best!
None can with it compare;
She has a dream and found it blest
With all her heart can bear.
Though money, fashion, pleasure, power,
Fill for the most the mortal hour,
The mother true
Has visions new
Far deeper than we others view.

Oh every mother's own is best!
She sees beneath the veil;
The eyes of joy and love are blest
To see where others fail:
That something more is bound in this,
A something that the others miss;
A vital start
From her own heart
That never can from her depart.

Say "Love is foolish, deaf and blind;
Young mothers but insane;
All these bright fancies rich and kind
Around the heart and brain,
Are reasonless and but the fruit
Of nature's strong unconscious root:"
The baby best
From all the rest
Is just that one upon her breast.

'Tis more than most unbounded wealth;
It scorneth poverty;
More priceless than all priceless health,
And more if sick it be.
In marble dome or cottage home
Where ever through the earth we roam
Of every birth
That wakes our mirth
Each mother folds the one of worth.

Oh well for mother! Well for child!
Oh well for earth oppressed!
That ere we are by sin defiled
And wander sore distressed,
A heart inlaid with softest love,
With something like the heart above,
Doth us receive
When first we leave
The heart alas how few retrieve!

Oh heart of high supremest love!
Oh heart within the heart!
Though high within thy heavens above
Before us sure Thou art.
For us Thou didst prepare the breast
And something from Thy own impressed,
But shall Thy heart
Now as we art
Receive us when we hence depart?

YOUNG MOTHERHOOD.

Young Motherhood! Young Motherhood!
How oft ye cross my way!
Like visits of the high and good
Ye fill our common day.
Ye float before my spirit's eyes
With something of the azure skies,
As flowers of earth
At springtime's birth
Bring dreams of something past their worth.

My eyes rejoice when e'er we meet,
What be the time or place;
Within the home or on the street
Thou always art a grace.
Through golden noon and starry night
Ye are a vision on my sight;
But this the best,
When on thy breast
Thy loved one smiles in slumbers blest.

Thou art the very dream we would!
A spirit most divine!
Thou crownest every earthly good
And blessings round thee twine.
This is rich heaven's royal seal
Upon thy nature's high ideal,
And her endower
Of every power
Is focused in thy passion'd hour.

Thou art a virtue that doth show
The virtues that abide.
Oh is there sight in earth below
Like heaven's chosen bride!
When such a bride God's loan and gift
Into her passioned breast doth lift,
The mortal veil
Doth off me sail
And God the mother heart I hail.

And even when not perfect pure
There's virtue in thy breast.
The sparks divine thou dost secure
And feed them with the best.
Thy infant is and with it brings
Something of heaven and holy things;
And in the fire
Of this desire
Thy heart must feel the first inspire.

A world has passed away from thee;
A world of time and sense;
Deceptions, shadows, pagentry,
Excitements and pretense.
That world has passed thee as a dream
Swift dancing down a sunny stream;
But let it go,
What dream can show
A living heart with love in flow?

Another world has dawned on thee
Of love and light within;
Another world, eternity
Untouched by death and sin.
What hosts of dreams and vital hopes
Dress kingly life's ascending slopes!
What forms of light
In beauty bright
Come from thy heart and all bedight!

Thou art not of this earthly show
Of fashion, pleasure, pride;
Thou art a glory here below!
A mother, wife and bride!
The Giver of each perfect gift
Unto himself our lives would lift;
And in thy heart
With vital art
Reveals his deep divinest part.

What sweet content! What sacrifice!
What calm and faith and joy!
What happiness! What paradise!
What wisdom and employ!
New virtues now of nobler worth
Comes forth in thee with thy young birth;
Nor sweeter grows,
Nor warmer glows
The morning sun or evening rose.

Thine eyes are toward the coming years,
Thy plans are reaching far,
Thy thoughts are climbing golden spheres,
Thy purpose to a star.
What poetry of magic art
Is born within thy dreaming heart,
To so create
A royal state
As round a prince of monarchs great!

Thy ceaseless care and gentle might,
To see it full unfold,
It is a pleasure to the sight
As mortal eyes behold.
The softest and the tenderest
Doth o'er the weak and slenderest
Of spirits frail
And features pale
With passions deep most gently sail.

How oft upon the summer street
My eyes have such beheld;
Though passing as a shadow fleet
My heart was touched and welled.
That tenderness and soft caress,
That look divine and gentle press,
Through selfish strife
With sorrows rife
It struck the rock and out flowed life.

The nobler men whom thou dost meet
Rejoice in thee and thine;
They breathe a prayer that passes fleet
Straight to the heart divine.
"Oh all supreme and mother love!
Protect them from Thy throne above;
Surround them with Thy ceaseless care
And both upon Thy bosom bear.
Most, most from sin,
Without, within,
Oh shelter them till heaven they win!"

And many a man within his breast
That sense the same has felt;
A hidden something none has guessed
His icy bosom melt.
When thee and thine their eyes behold
The sealed-up heart doth free unfold,
Till deeps divine
Unbidden pine

"Would such were mine! Mine! Only mine!"

Oh empty heart! Oh empty heart!
For self were none create.
And none their best can ere impart
Till heart has found its mate;
And hearts will never find their mates
Till God the heart anew creates;
When making new
He maketh two
Both complements high, pure and true.

Though now alone and far apart,
All loves together run;
Ye soon shall meet and heart to heart
Forever more be one.
Soft angels from the crystal spheres
Shall bring thee faith and prayer and tears;
And round this vine
Thy hearts shall twine
And grow up in the love divine.

BECAUSE MY DEAR IT'S YOU.

Oh listen now beloved wife!
Anew my harp I string;
Oh thou who are my life of life
Another song I'll sing!
Another song for earth's annoy
My spirit doth impart;
Oh crimson love! Oh turtle dove!
Now listen at your heart.

When on the summer's golden street
I meet a maid divine
Whose spirit pure and glad and sweet
Doth through her body shine:
White crystal soul and liquid voice,
Soft eyes and youth's endew,
I see and meet her with rejoice,
Because my dear it's you.

My eagle eye where'er she be
Knows when her love awakes;
When worlds like sunrise on the sea
Within her bosom breaks.
The gladness which the dreams above
Can never know or near,
I hail with joy and share her love,
Because it's you my dear.

And when one leads her up the aisle
With orange blossoms crowned,
When more than summer heavens smile
And more than raptures bound,
When granite strength and tenderness
Are joined forever true,
The bride, the bride thy heart can guess
Because my dear it's you.

When then they form a little home,
A paradise divine;
And round the queen from yonder dome
Soft angel hearts entwine;
For these who'd wish a world's domain
Though blessed without a tear?
I'd barter such and count it gain
For you and them my dear.

When e'er I hear a kingly man
Sing praises of his wife,
Extol the Planner and the plan
That joined her to his life;
Such thought and feeling fill the pause
Of life with music new;
I echo long the loud applause,
Because my dear it's you.

And when the poet from his mind
A form divine creates,
With every virtue rich entwined
That sorrow contemplates;
I gaze upon the matchless grace
And bless him saint and seer;
Then quick my soul doth her embrace
Because it's you my dear.

When high before him the throne of light
Vast spirits I behold,
Arrayed in royal purple bright
Or crimson, white or gold;
From seraph ranks or from the bride,
Whose splendors blind the view,
I choose the one just at my side
Because my dear it's you.

In heaven and earth, through space or time
Of all eternity,
While being's starry goal I climb
I still will dream of thee.
When mounting up the golden streets
Of each discovered sphere,
The best beloved my spirit greets
It will be you my dear.

All hail redeeming high Triune!
Redeemed from self and sin;
With Thee and Thine to rich commune
Thy grace has gathered in.
The heart that will with Thee enwine,
Come! Come Oh soul and see!
Shall find itself and souls divine
To all eternity.

BOYHOOD'S HOME.

I wish I were a boy again
In childhood's happy home!
I see it perfect in my ken,
Though far from it I roam.
The house stands yonder on the hill,
The garden and the flowers,
With cosy rooms and love to kill
My daily wearied powers.
Though poor it had a sweet content,
A pleasure, hope and peace,
For heaven had round about it lent
Good health with largest lease.
Oh home! Thou art of earth most blest!
Home, thou art nearest heaven!
And more to-day, since this lost heart
Beats on through night and levin.
I've passed to here from place to place;
From house to house depart;
But never found the happy grace
That makes thee what thou art.
For years and years I've wandered round;
I live but have no home;
I seek, but never yet have found
The place for which I roam.
How often through night's lighted panes
Thy image springs on me!
What love! What peace! What happy strains!
Who has not longed for thee?
I envy not the rich and great
Their gifts of power and place;
The poor man's more than royal state
Of home I would embrace.
I wish I were a boy again!
I'm weary with life's roam!
I wish my heart could rest as when
It did in boyhood's home!

THE WHISTLING GIRL.

Oh the whistling girl is the girl for me!
So happy, so bright and so charmingly free;
With her heart most full and an overflow
Like a crystal stream or the winds that blow.

A heart that is full of delirious life
Will unfold itself in harmonious strife;
Be a strange combine of a girl and a boy
And them both at once in their wildest joy.

The elements rich of the pure and free
Like the fountains burst in their gurgling glee;
And what a surprise that the heart of life
Through the maid should sing as a whistling fife.

We will name not now the piccolo notes
Which the instrument on the evening floats;
And the whistling breath of the artist's lips
May the simple play of the maid eclipse.

Her notes may not rival the bird that mocks
The cage or the branch that her passion rocks;
Nor the piping sound of her sisters fair
Should we measure now with her artless air.

But the bristling pride of the neighbor's boy
She will often shame, and her bubbling joy
Will cast on the wind an echoing laugh,
That is borne away like the flakes of chaff.

The mother may fret and the father scold
At the tom-boy girl and her nature bold,
For the family line with its long uncurl
Was never disgraced with a whistling girl.

And the uncles come and they smile or stare,
And the aunties come and are bowed with care,
And the cousins come when they hear the fame
Of the whistling girl who is past all shame.

The gossiping few that are always found,
Behold her and hear and they gather round;
On the lips, the lips, what a burdened sigh?
But the heart and eye they are double dry.

Oh the whistling girl! Oh the whistling girl!
How the faded maid and the jilted churl,
Turn the heart and ear that her unbefriend,
And whisper the story of some "bad end."

Oh leave her alone! Let her childish heart
Find a free express in all innocent art.
For a sight like that in a world like this
Were a parent's joy and a poet's bliss.

Oh leave her alone, for the poet said
To such blighting souls whom the night had fed:
"The girls that whistle like hens that crow
Will make their way wherever they go."

They will make their way as the birds that sing
After winter's blight in the happy spring
Make way with a song to our hungry ears
And open the fount of our healing tears.

They will make their way as the morning lark
Doth rise from the vale and the shadows dark,
And above the hills in the sun's first rays
Unburdens her heart in delirious praise.

They will make their way as a few stray notes
From a wife or a child or a loved one floats
On the heart of man, and the strength of life
Is engirded strong for the day of strife.

They will make their way as a sinless child
Can enter the heart of the sin defiled,
And banish the sorrow of long dark years
And inspire a hope in the midst of fears.

"They will make their way to the woman's years
With a grace beloved but seldom appears
Both a heart and mind that is poised at rest
And in blessing all is the one most blessed.

"They will make their way to a noble heart
And receiving it will the more impart.
Both a hope unknown and a faith divine
And a helping life that will upward twine.

Oh the whistling girl is the girl for me!
For the kind of fruit in the bud I see.
Go! Go my song and behold the sight!
Then kiss her for me to thy heart's delight.

THE WIFE'S RETURN.

The wife came home to-night,
And with her came the day
That shineth round her bright
And with her went away.
The blossoms, trees and wind
And all of nature sighed;
The day grew sudden blind,
And starless night did ride
Upon my heart and mind
When steamed away my bride.

But since she has come home
I'm happy as can be.
The murmuring wine doth foam
With drunken extacy.
My brain is all on fire,
My heart is full of love,
And eyes have their desire.
The happy madness of
The heavens and inspire
Rains on me from above.

I'm wrapped in dreams to-night!
I'm in a dream of bliss!
Our courtship at its height
A desert were to this!
A dream within a dream!
And the dream divinely blest,
For beside me in the gleam
A more than bridal guest,
That brings a summer stream
Into my winter breast.

Light up the windows wide!
Throw blinds and curtains back!
And let the brightness ride
Into the darkness black.
Oh light up every pane
And brighten every room!
Let light and gladness reign
And banish every gloom!
Let the house be like a fane
The souls of light illumine.

Oh call the neighbors in!
We'll kill the fatted calf!
Call all my kith and kin
To see my "better half"!
We'll spill the oldest wine
And feast on ripest fruits;
Uncork the hearts benign
With joy and song that suits;
Make this return divine
With wedding magic flutes.

Oh let the music play!
Call the musicians in!
Give them a place, I pray,
Piano, violin!
I'm nimble as the snipes,
As swallows on the wing;
I could wave the stars and stripes
And dance the highland fling;
I could play the tartan pipes
And in the Gallic sing.

I'm richer than a king!
I'm larger than a lord!
Thrones and empires I could fling
Like pennies from a hoard!
Here is the poet's lyre!
Life's royal robes of might!
Here is the heart of fire,
Crown, scepter, jewels bright!
You may take your best desire
If you leave my soul's delight.

A man that has a wife,
A home that's full of love,
He is the king of life,
And heir to more above.

A man with such a wife
His heaven has begun.
He is more than king of life
And can walk or fly or run.
Has his victory in the strife
And "a mortgage on the sun."

SOUL SONGS

HOW SWIFT OUR LIFE!

How swift! How swift our life is run
And we give up this breath!
'Tis just one circle of the sun
And we lie down in death.

As full of hope as morn of life
We come to front the years;
We turn us mangled by the strife
And torn by grief and fears.

Sweet, soft and calm and innocent
We come forth to the light;
Most guilty, wretched and misspent
We pass on out of sight.

How swift! How swift our life is run
And we give up this breath!
'Tis just one circle of the sun
And we lie down in death.

DRIVEN.

'Tis up and down and o'er the world,
Around and here and there,
Dark, tempest driven, tossed and whirled
From port to port of care:
We voyage thus the sea of life
Till stormy wind and wave
Upon death's shore in mortal strife
Doth cast us for the grave.

OUR LIFE.

A little moment's play
With simple toys;
Dreams, dreams for many a day
Songs, hopes and joys.

An hour of selfish toil;
Work, eat and sleep;
Gain, loss and grief and soil
In all we reap.

Our work and we ere noon
Sleep neath the grass;
Our names from night and noon
As shadows pass.

AN APPEAL.

"No! I won't go to hear that man preach again.
I've heard enough. Every time I hear the speech
Of one of these impassioned, terrifying men,
A something strange doth to my spirit reach
And shakes my world of hopes to chaos. They preach
Against the world and time; or 'gainst the straws
Of money, dress or pleasure. With fire they teach
Abstract principles, impossible laws,
Doubtful ideals, or strange beseech
By sacrifice that seems to have no cause,
And thrust me in the dark with strange unreasoned awes."

"Every time I hear one of these men preach,
They preach me out of my religion. My hopes
Of heaven and the confidence I teach
My heart to hold beneath the frowning copes
Of time they tear right out of soul that opes
To them in spite of me. Beneath their blight
My spirit seems swift driven down the slopes
Of life, and when I leave them their fiery sight
Doth follow me. After, when my blindness gropes
For some support their thunders on me light,
Or else a mighty flash wakes wide the void of night."

"Besides, they fulminate against the churches
And slander her with bitter poison stings.
Exalted high on their self-righteous perches
They think themselves as angels; and us, things
Of dirt. They think that no one has the springs
Of goodness but their own elected few.
Our minister, to whom my reverence clings,
Does not espouse these teachings that are new.
He said to me: 'Enthusiasm brings
The inharmonious, disproportioned true;
But better far to hold the 'rounded truth' in view.'"

"Oh prophets, priests and poets! Oh divine
And noblest natures that adorn the earth!
Oh spirits high impassioned with a wine
Of life far purer than our mortal birth!
Oh oracles on whom the light doth shine
The secret truths of high celestial worth!
My spirit doors of sorrow and of mirth
I open wide and entrance loud beseech;
From base to cope, from centre to the girth
Of all my life I urge on ye to preach
Your inmost heart to mine in most unvarnished speech."

"Soft, velvet words may fill your mouths of truth
When there is need, but now speak forth your fire
Unto my heart. No false or deadly ruth
Restrain the strength of your celestial choir
Though me it blast as life doth blast our youth.
If consciousness unfathoms thy require,
If character dishonors thy inspire,
If aught there be rebellious to the light,
If ill be hid in motive or desire,
Oh preach me out of my religion! Oh blight
My hopes forever! The hopes of my delight
Oh quench them as the storms oft quench the stars of
night!"

"And Thou, Oh Death! Thou Prince and Power of
darkness!
Thou Sorrow! Silence! Reverence and Repose!
With uncompassioned hand, Oh tear the dress
Of time asunder! this dress of mortal shows.
Speak! Speak to me with the undivided stress
Of all Thou art, and all thy kingdom knows
Of life and the last change it undergoes.
Since untold hosts thy presence undeceives
At the last hour, now ere my mortal close
Tear the lie from my right hand, although it leaves
Defenceless, blind and lost and hell itself receives."

"Oh disenthral and disembody me
From all that blinds or warps me from the sense
To feel and know what I must shortly be!
Oh pass me through thy last experience
Though spirit yet from body is not free!
And plant me face to face before the whence?
And why? and what? that underlies this dense
Insensibility, and stands blank before
Earth's blindness and her vain and proud pretense.
Oh unrobe thy naked presence I implore,
And by the truth Thou art destroy the false I store!"

"Both Life and Death and Ministers between
There is no exposition of the laws
Can be too straight, and no application lean
So heavy as to give the least cause
Of complaint. Oh preach the truth: life's unseen
Alabaster purity, that awes
The senseless, blind contaminated flaws
Of nature! Here is my conscience: her enthrone
And vitalize to hear ye with applause!
Truth the strongest, straightest, sternest ever known,
Oh speak unto her heart that never can disown!"

"Oh Angel of the judgement! Thou presidest
Over life and death; over all of man,
His word and deed and even what residest
In his sub-conscious heart, Oh speak as when
In Thy tremendous hour Thou decidest
The disentangled issues of this den
Of wickedness! Now unto me as then,
Oh speak thy all to my receptive heart
By thunder voice, by blinding lightning ken,
Or all the awful presence that thou art!
In silence now I wait and merciless impart."

"My life resolve into its primal elements,
And deepen consciousness until it feels
The trifles mere the conscience unrepresents,
Since of a word the solemn record peals.
How earth and time and my false heart dement
Me from the truth! But now my spirit kneels
Before the awful presence that reveals
The heart unto itself. Oh place me in the fire!
The fire whose strength the inmost soul unseals;
The secret heart of motive and desire,
Which never till thy hour dreamed they could life inspire."

"What multitudes from this dark clouded clime
With firmest hope went straight unto Thy hour!
One blinding glance from eyes of light sublime
Striking the conscience did instant disendower
Their spirits from the highest thrones of time.
When natures of such wide reputed power
Are workers of iniquity, Oh tower
Of truth! White indignation against sin!
Glowing shekinah fire! Come and devour
All sin in me! Burn, burn it out! Burn in
The naked fact I am is all my heart would win."

Oh most sublime Eternity! Thou
Altitudinal spirit of the spaces!
Forever great, forever true, so now
Thou watchest all in being's mystic races.
Within the seed, far, far before the plow
Thou seest what the hidden germ embraces,
The harvest vast of virtues or disgraces.
Ten thousand times thine eyes have seen the law
Of finite life unfold in all its places,
So Thou art wise; thy wisdom, truth and awe
Up to thy shadowed form my mortal heart doth draw."

"Oh is there aught within the depths of space
As close or deeper than this law of right?
In all the boundlessness of time I face
Ahead, Oh! Is there yet a moral height
Beyond this sense of duty that doth grace
My heart, and her imaginations bright
Which conscience quick stings forth into the night?
Justice, truth, rightness and purity
Form the earth's foundations, and bedight
The wide expansive heavens. Oh can there be
Another base and height, sweep and intensity?"

"All that thou art, art thou not here below
This mortal life, the strength of all we be?
Can these high natures change when hence we go,
When life is now the very life of thee?
If there be found after this sense we throw
A stronger grip, fiercer intensity
In those vast laws that ever rule the free,
That grip, tension and comprehensiveness,
Oh bring them now and fix them fast on me!
The passionate heart of all thy laws no less
Then their wide circumference deep deep upon me press."

"And Thou, Oh God! I lift my last appeal
To Thee; for Thou art sovereign and supreme
O'er life and death, and Thy hand doth unseal
The visions from the prophet's land of dream.
Deep underneath eternity we fell
Thou art; and as the vital airy stream
Is round the earth, and all her natures teem
With atmospheric life, so Thou art round
And penetrateth all creation. The seem -
Of life deceives by sense and sight and sound;
We live and move in Thee; Thou art the spirit's ground."

"All powers and laws that are, or ever can be
Laid upon this mortal immortality
Surround me now forever more in Thee.
Speak! Speak with the unformality
Of life, and with an earnestness be free
Though it seem to my blind heart brutality.
Thou knowest not the self's partiality
So what Thou art Thou surely shalt reveal
And so make known my own finality.
My spirit ears their deafness Oh unseal!
And quicken my dead heart that what it hears to feel."

"Oh plant the base of this deep universe!
Thy own essential life, Oh plant it right
Beneath my soul! and though it write a curse,
Thy perpendicular Oh raise unto the height
Of infinite perfection! and so reverse
The moral judgements of this surrounding night
Of ignorance and sin. Level, plumb, square and sight
My naked spirit by what Thou truly art
In Thy high heaven of pure effulgent light!
Since Thy first sense did visit my dark heart
I've wished alone for Thee and more of truth's impart."

"Not only of Thy love to me reveal,
For well I know my heart can sore abuse
This revelation that the virtuous doth seal
Unto Thyself. Glowing holiness infuse
Into Thy love and so preserve the weal
Of both; but all the former I would choose
Before this true self-knowledge I would loose.
Be round about me as a seven-fold fire!
Consume my sins! Harmonize me to the thews
Of holiness! The infinite requires
Of Thee and of Thy law is what my soul desires."

"Upon this one conviction of my heart
Which was and is my spirit's starry pole;
That Thou wilt show and lead to what Thou art
The sinful life that knows no other goal,
My spirit now will rest. The best impart
Of life has been from Thee; and the years that roll
Their changes on me Thy grace will still control
To teach my heart the lessons most divine.
- Small was the price although it was my whole
I paid to learn what sin I did enshrine;
All other price I gladly pay to learn life's larger line."

PETER TAUGHT.

"Before the cock crow this day twice
Thou, Peter, shall deny me thrice
 Before men all;
For thou a stranger to thy heart
Must first be taught just what thou art
 By fearful fall."

"Though all should Thee in fear deny,
I swear before the Lord, not I!
 I will be true!
I'll dare man's power and scorn and hate!
My Lord! My God! I'll choose my fate,
 I'll die for you!"

"Enough! Enough! Wait well the time!
These oaths do but increase thy crime;
 But prayers prevail;
And after thou art turned again,
Oh strengthen thou thy fellow-men
 Whom sins assail."

Oh well we know! All round the world
Has Peter's thrice denial been hurled;
 But few have learned
The living truth of Peter's fall,
Though in the hearts and lives of all
 It must be burned.

From nature's state of ignorance,
From self and all self confidence,
 We must awake.
The world and all things are combined
To quicken the immortal mind
 And moral make.

The soul unto itself must come,
Or can it be but deaf and dumb
 Unto another?
Self knowledge unto heaven towers,
And walks among these mortal powers
 As life's best brother.

We must come up: stand face to face:
Measure time's strength, and under base
 This world of strife.
Can promise, power or progress be
If we are blind or partial see
 The truths of life?

Far deeper, deeper we must go
Until we find the life below;
 The heart and brain
Must strike their root; kick out the ground
Until the living rock is found
 That doth sustain.

Brought to ourselves, to life and God!
How few! How few are wise and awed!
 The dragon's tooth,
That tears us through these mortal years
Of falls, disgraces, shame and tears,
 Teaches the truth.

Then we can come to God and give
Ourselves to Him. Then we can live;
 Be pure and free.
Then we can triumph o'er the curse,
Then can crown with glorious verse
 Eternity.

Oh wise! Oh wise! Divinely wise
'Bove colleges or books, the eyes
 That lightning scan
The nature, powers, motives, and deeps
That hide within life's secret keeps,
 The heart of man.

A BOY AGAIN.

"I wish I were a boy again!"
Keeps coming in my mind;
The more I live and move with men
The more I look behind.
A something strange, yet strong and clear,
Like echoes from the past,
Like love now lost but still more dear
Those times upon me cast.
Oh times! Oh times forever flown!
Oh days forever dear!
The farther from me ye are thrown
The closer ye come near.
Thy memories cast their magic spell
Upon my heart and mind,
And visions bright as poets tell
The mortal hour doth blind.
Ye were the angels of the morn
With golden raiment clad;
Your locks and wings were never shorn,
Your hearts and faces glad.
Ye were the spirits most divine;
Ye made a heaven of earth,
And lifted up the sparkling wine
To me with beaded mirth.
But now as meteors of the sky
Ye most are hid from sight,
Yet sometimes burst and on the eye
Cast splendors swift and bright.
Ye now are dreams on golden wings
From paradise divine,
Which often comes and gently sings:
"Come back to me and mine."
"Come back! Come back Oh weary worn!
Come back Oh wandering child!
Come back to me though heart is torn
And hungry and defiled!"

When round me now, unlike of yore,
Unbid ye sweep my skies;
When through my day and night ye soar
A something dims my eyes.
A something in my soul doth melt
And flows around my heart,
Until these walls the moments belt
Are sundered far apart.
I slip by some divine device
From hate and strife and wrong,
Back to my childhood paradise
Of love and light and song;
Back to my childhood paradise
Of hope and joy and life,
Untouched by earth's contagious vice,
Or fear or grief or strife.
Dear is the dream and bright the hour,
And sweet the song ye sing;
But Oh how short! for time and power
Me swiftly back doth bring.
I wish I were a boy again!
Oh my departed years!
I wish so much I cannot pen
The fountain of my tears.

YOU HAVE NEVER SUFFERED.

What! "Never suffered!" "Never wept!"
I have not known the griefs that kill
When gold and health afar are swept,
And die the hopes our youth instill!
I have not known the anguish thrill
When cradle angels far have flown!
Nor when her soul our own doth fill
Is root drawn out with stifled groan
And leaves us years and years to moan and moan and moan!

Yes! I have suffered! I have wept!
Death once my spirit did baptize;
Her waves o'er my warm bosom, swept
Me deep in losses, fears and cries.
In life the deepest pain still lies
To love the best but sunken deep
In earth to have no strength to rise;
To lose the dream and this to reap
Is such a state of grief as few of mortals weep.

Eclipsed was all my morning light;
The silver moons and suns of gold
Darted no gleam through day or night,
And hope did not a ray unfold.
To triple blackness I was sold;
The nights of sin and fear and hell
Their mantles round my soul did fold;
From nature, God and man there fell
Egyptian night and plagues no mortal tongue can tell.

I oft have prayed for hours and hours
Till bone and breast and heart did ache;
Through darkest night in lonely bowers
The ear of God I tried to wake
By calling "Mercy!" "For love's sake!"
"Oh Father save!" "Give me a staff!"
My groans deep echoes then did wake
As if some demons wine did quaff,
And mocked me in their drink with mad delirious laugh.

I oft have wept, not rainbow tears;
Those mortal wounded hope may bleed;
Or deep despair in her last fears.
Such drops the lost in hell do feed
To slack their conscience burning greed;
Tears glowing white and spiked with pain
As twisting, tearing bullets speed,
Shot from my heart with fearful strain,
Through aching aching breast and hand enclasped brain.

My heart was often like a hell,
And feeling like her fiery waves;
Such storms of wrath and darkness fell
As round her shores forever raves;
The steep washed gulf and deepest caves
Were dashed and swept, and I was borne
Over the crimson crested graves
With hated, vast, majestic scorn,
Here and there, around and round and torn and torn and
torn.

My mind was like a serpent's nest
Where beast with beast doth fiercely wrangle;
The noblest thoughts with godlike crest
The lowest strained and tried to strangle;
But these with bright death anger spangle
Oft conquered them; and strifeful reigns
With all these woes that sins entangle
Did sweep across my spirit plains
And caused such agony as cannot now have strains.

My soul bare nerved has lived for years
With sorrow as my only mate;
An ancient curse with cloudy fears
Doomed o'er me night of blackest fate.
Remorseful serpent thoughts with hate-
Ful tooth and fangs upon me came;
Fire halling clouds with thunders great,
And furies with no mortal name
Swift chased my naked soul through hell's white torturing
flame.

Consigned it seems to demon hate
I suffered what their rage may dare;
Fiends glad their hearts to satiate,
Leaped on my soul with hungry tear;
Their red-hot fingers in my bare
Breast they thrust, and in delirious glee
The nervous cords from life's deep lair
They pulled and snapped as elastic free,
Till I became unconscious and writhed in agony.

Yes! I have suffered! I have wept
Far more than myself can own!
When feeling strong the heart has swept
What tongue can reproduce the groan?
And if I could I would not moan
To weeping, broken-hearted earth;
'Tis sorrow's work to undertone
High thoughts and feelings of her birth,
And other souls to teach her priceless priceless worth.

For sorrow is of gifts the gift
When heaven's grace her tears doth bring,
To purge, to strengthen, guide and lift,
And touch the lips with fire to sing;
Her losses and her sharpness sting
From self into the soul divine,
Whose life and love and light will spring
In all the forms which joy can sign,
And mingled with the grief the purest joys enshrine.

KNOWLEDGE.

Wisdom unto her sons, the wise,
This virtue free doth give:
To know ten thousand truths and lies
Though them they do not live.
Folly unto her thoughtless own
Is their most deadly foe;
Through truth and lies with loss and groan
They live, but do not know.

MONOPOLY CHRISTIANS.

In these last days intensifying life
Doth seek to pass the individual bound.
The conscienceness of their resources rife
Inspires to work from universal ground.
A spirit cosmopolitan has found
Our mighty men and poured a lust of gain
In all controlling measures; they are bound
By the new time-spirit, and the ancient reign
With twice millennial strength is scorned and burst in twain.

The town, the city and the state no more
Form ample field for their ambitious gain;
A nation and her continental store
Of boundless wealth now fill their heated brain
With sordid calculations. Their wish has twain
Imperial eyes of selfishness that reach
Beyond the old ancestral dreams; they fain
Would gather all and in the mind of each
Inspires the widest plans she bodies faint in speech.

Their expansive base of operations
Has passed the bound of moderate designs;
In east and western wak'ning populations
They see the mart for which ambition pines.
They claim the world; and with protentous signs
That solemn word fills dream and speech and plan.
The vast round globe and her multitudinous lines
Of brotherhood, all, all of earth and man
Is but a sphere of gain their eyes delight to scan.

To quicker reach that heaven of their dreams
Their souls and wealth unite; as unions hold
A greater power than scattered gold. In streams
Their capital in one vast mass is rolled
To near the billion mark. Each day is told
Of larger combinations that are formed
With enterprise enchanting young and old.
When the new spirit has their visions warmed
The most chaotic state with cosmos skill is stormed.

Their accumulated wealth grows with surprise
Beyond their own first dreams, and piles of gold
Are as a heaven unto their blinded eyes.
Yon golden sun whose splendors pure are rolled
Free to the hungry void, do they behold
Life's image best of man or God divine?
A sphere like that with bowels of wealth untold
Is all the heaven for which their spirits pine;
Is all the heaven or God they wish to on them shine.

Beside the mountains and across the land
Their towering plants engage all to behold;
And by the sea what mighty fabrics stand?
The sea itself is conquered or has sold
Her ancient strength to their persistence bold.
As the night builds up her jeweled splendored cone
On the broad circle which the earth has scrolled,
Their plans to most colossal works have grown,
To towering majesty all fear nor dare disown.

But Oh alas! Earth's largest enterprise
From dark foundation to her crowning stone
Has nought high pleasing to the Judge's eyes,
Or even ought he dare consistent own.
From self it came, for self has greater grown,
And self is always passioned with a curse.
That vilest heart with loud and laboring moan
Pulses her life and against her brothers nurse
A course of monster crimes that groweth worse and worse.

They buy the college, the pulpit and the press,
And their unprophet priests who sell the race,
God and themselves for gain. Their gold doth dress
The politician to their needs, and their powers displace
The majesties of law that alone can grace
An earthly government. They rule all mortal spheres
And the golden heights of heaven would embrace,
Though the broken heart and helpless crimson tears
Of the wide brotherhood they trample without fears.

Their concentrated power, wisdom, skill and wealth
They fix with hate on each weak, struggling foe;
Then in the dark as a murderer by stealth
They strike but once with death's unerring blow.
Ten thousand men whose spirits once did glow
With ambitious hope and ardors of our youth
They undermined and sold and thrust below.
All love and joy, inspire and hope and truth,
From the very heart of life they trample without ruth.

Meditated, and so conscious of their end,
The wide world's bread they struggle to secure.
To the winter's blast their selfishness would send
The nation. In earth's vile dens they would immure
The immortal sons of God, who endure
Worse, far worse than the very dogs of gain.
The most stupendous crimes we can be sure
Are those in which a mighty heart and brain
Though without senses foul the needy's hope has slain.

The brow of age can deep be trampled down;
The newborn babe inherit but a curse;
Our manhood's prime insulted as a clown
And hopeful youth vain struggle to reverse
Their lot; the coming generation worse,
Far worse may be so they increase their store;
All heart and mind is from life's need to nurse
The state of strife that will augment still more
Their blood-stained, stolen wealth, their power and place and
lore.

The images of God upon this earth;
Law, justice, truth, reverence and righteousness,
Faith, purity and love, which have their birth
In God's own heart, and sent from him to dress
Themselves in mortal flesh, and in the stress
And strain of life to grow unto the height
Which welcome shall the courts of blessedness:
These images: God's most supreme delight,
In others and themselves they slay both day and night.

The sacred fountains of the nation's life
Is not exempt from their contamination.
Ideals and visions with destructions rife
And blasphemies against God's high creation
They sow upon the nourishing elation
Of our youth. Such example on the soil
Of selfishness will breed within the nation
A savage host whose natures will dispoil
Time's noblest crowning work and glory of her toil.

And these are members of the living Christ;
Among the saints their names are written down;
These are the men whose gifts, repeated and unpriced,
That bride-elect is wearing as her crown;
And to fellowship with them, she doth gown
Herself in queen's apparel. This is the race
From whom she now receives her best renown,
And promenades before high heaven's face
Counting their princely gifts as her divinest grace.

And the churches sanction this gigantic
Selfishness, and lifts their hands in benediction
On these purpureal and most titanic
Crimes against God's humanity. If conviction
With sublimest passion tears the fiction
From her hypocritical heart and eyes,
That apostate with loud malediction
Quick from her congregation soon doth ostracise,
Inspires the rabble mob and their death frenzied cries.

Are these disciples of the love divine?

Which throned above those rich eternal skies,
Surrounded by bright seraphimic line

And hymned supreme by first archangel cries,
Through their loud chorus heard our burdened sighs
And did divest himself of the endower

No soaring dream has dared to faint surmise:
Surrendered self, gave God, heaven, friends and power,
Entered our mortal line and shared our earthly hour.

Follow they that sacrificial love

Who standing midst this dark and selfish throng,
Emptied a heart as rich as heaven above,

And burning thoughts that on their guilty wrong
Fell as lightning bolts from heaven on the strong
Violators of humanity? and as He died

His vast magnanimous soul did song
Itself like a flow of heaven's golden tide
In rich forgiving strains upon their deicide.

Who dreams these image forth that sunlike heart

That with triumphant majesty arose;

Then with a grace to feed all poet's art

His kingdom's gates wide opened to his foes?

A forgiveness as the sifted mountain snows;

A place beneath a father's lightning eyes;

A heart of love that flows and overflows

A nature like the sun within the skies;

A life that giveth all and giving thus shall rise.

Are these disciples of that love divine

That rules as king this climbing universe?

Who underneath all hierarchs that shine,

And peopled worlds of purity or curse

Doth plant himself as the one maternal nurse

Of all created being? whose vast endower

Is not for self but freely doth disburse

To all their needs now portions of his power,

And lifts them up in love more strong from hour to hour.

Are these like him whose life and word both taught
The everlasting, absolute right
Of those high moral elements that are wrought
Into our natures? whose heightless height,
Impassionedness and majesty and might
Are worth far more in men than a universe
Without them? Does not their denial smite
All resistance with a cinerating curse,
And prophecies a wrath these violations nurse?

Have they received his matchless, matchless grace
Who gathers all who will around him cling?
In his monarchical state there is no place
For selfish souls but each is as the king.
There the glory of the strong is to fling
Themselves at the burdened base or battling gate;
While far on high or in sheltered safety sing
The new born babes, the low and weak estate
Who give more than they take and make the great more
great.

Oh tell me Truth! Can a man be a christian man
Whose fundamental principle is to give,
And a part or sympathetic with the clan
Whose fundamental principle is exclusive
Of every other? Does this spirit live
With his spirit the most divine, who gave
Himself to save us most from our destructive
Selves of selfishness? And dare presumption crave
A portion of that life that died and lives to save?

Oh tell me Truth? Can any heart that draws
Its life from a sacrifice of such renown,
So violate the everlasting laws
That base and build, that penetrate and crown
The universe? What man could trample down
His own divinest essence in the mire?
How then the Christ when he again doth gown
Himself in flesh destroy his high inspire?
And far more than himself, his own eternal sire?

Shall pride and contumacious selfishness,
Far harder to their brother's helpless need
Than are the granite rocks to herbs that dress
Their desolation, find their spirits freed
From self and sin when death's rapacious greed
Shall gather them into her hungry deep?

Oh who can dream such a disembodied deed
On lightning wings to heaven's gates will sweep
Where justice, truth and power their thrones eternal keep?

Shall this puissant, hardened self of curse
That murder has in her strong passionate heart,
Murder of self, God and the universe
Of living souls, ever find a place and part
In that kingdom blest whence lightning thoughts dart
Through our darkness? where love is like the sun,
And spirits high with all they have and art
Of life divine to others freely run,
And count alone as gain what self-sacrifice has won?

Can thoughts alone of a noble creed?
Or professions, church or an honored name?
Or words divine and not diviner deed?
Or servant acts without the heart of flame?
Can splendid gifts of ostentatious fame?
Or those confessions death has ever known?
Or sacraments that never find their aim?
Or consolations the conscience hard can own?
Or flowery praise from priests who sell the same?
Can one or all save when the life high heaven doth disown
And been a God denying oath to hell's infernal throne?

Away with such delusive dreams! Away!
Such gigantic and titanic wickedness
Before that kingdom stands but for one brief day.
If deep repenting change finds not express
In nobler deeds, no mind of truth can guess
Absorbing souls can rise from whence they fell.
None dares to dream that love and holiness
Shall never do what both have dared to tell,
That whirlwind storms shall of fire shall burst with judgments fell.

The tragedy and human life destruction
That follows their career will gather height
Until the course its final act shall run;
Then the everlasting laws, then the might
Of nature, then the infinite delight
Of love and righteousness before all ken
Shall fiercely hurl through lightning thunder night
The age's curse, the wholesale murdering men,
Down, down sin's darkest gulf, down where dragons den.

Oh spirit of this prophetic universe!
Hear! Oh Hear! and tell me now: Is there a fate
Conceived for our immortal natures, worse
Than to be left alone to satiate
Unmolested the powers that rule the state
Of life's triumphant selfishness? Oh tell
Me now! Do not the righteous heavens dominate
The future? They answer with a judgment knell
That prophecies most sure the fact and curse of hell?

THE YEARS.

I grieve not what the passing years
Have touched my mortal frame;
That disappointment, loss and fears
Doth my swift spirit tame.
But Oh I grieve! I often grieve
That as they onward flow,
Though they teach wisdom, yet they leave
Where they left long ago.

A CONFLICT.

A seasoned salt on voyages both long
And venturesome, on Afric's ivory shore
And in Brazilian forests, had seen strong
And strangest reptiles, birds and beasts. Unrest bore
Him again across the crystal floor
Of his loved ocean where ancient cities stand,
And ever rise still grander than before;
Where life, wider, higher, more intense is planned,
And treasures to embellish are brought from every land.

Discharged, he goes to some near bright saloon
Whose gilded flashing splendors hide the crime
And death of life's high boasted state. There soon
His stifled thirst with merry jokes and rhyme
He satiates. The liquors from each clime
He travelled oft now travel through each vein,
And rushes, jumps and springs, as if sublime
Immortal life was now within his brain
And swelling every nerve with joy's ecstatic pain.

With conscience seared and reason half dethroned,
And all life powers wild waking from the dead;
With a delirious sense of strength, as toned
For those high deeds our dreams to youth have fed;
Fit for mighty exploits both of hand and head,
If but King Will was stablished on life's throne
And pure ideals his spirit onward led;
Oh! all otherwise he goes; one whom all disown,
A ruined god of strength, to be still more o'erthrown.

Thus on he swings among the moving crowd,
The mass of whom with demoniac smiles
Look round, while some diviner few are bowed
With shame and tears. But on his way he wiles,
And each ephemeral sight and sound beguiles
His steps, until at length he comes where beast
And bird are caged from mountain, plain and isles:
His heart is fired, his kindling thoughts now feast
On memory's distant dreams that swift fly from the east.

He teases each and joys to see the loud mad
Strength upon its bars its fury vainly wage.
At length a glassy box the keeper had
Left open for a time his eyes engage;
On coming there his glad delirious rage
A boa finds in torpid slumber rolled;
Then like a flash his rope-trained hand did cage
Its iron fingers round the serpent cold,
Dragged it forth and held it up, a horror to behold.

His arm, stiff and strong as a bar of steel,
Lifts her high and so uncoils her length. He shakes
Her left and right, and up and down, and wheel
On wheel, as on the deck his rope he takes
And with his hand all skillful motion makes.
Swinging aloft from side to side, he found,
Since bold success to madness reason breaks,
From each bold act to bolder he was bound;
The motions all repeat, above, aside and round.

Then bending arm and drawing near his face,
He turns on her the glad and leaping eyes
His fiery heart and brain with brightness grace.
His drunken strength doth scornfully despise
Her sluggish looks and motions. With glee he tries
To make her move. His boastings loud and quick
Are farthest from reversal or surprise;
His curses fall like poisoned arrows thick,
Upon the serpent's head they gather bright and stick.

Those iron bands hold in their strongest grasp
Her wak'ning strength, while quivering lines of pain
Around her neck his circles would unclasp.
He smiles in his imperious disdain
Of that weak creature's strife and struggling strain
For life. He laughs aloud, and dancing, cries
For fiendish joy. He spits his spirit's gain
Within her jaws and on her growing eyes,
And kicks afar the folds that feet to tangle tries.

Now full aroused, the serpent from her length
Doth weakness shake, and its cold, torpid sense
Afar doth fling. Now repeated shocks of strength
Shoot up and down and harden most intense
Her frame. Now her lithe form doth sudden fence
Itself with electric surcharged coils. Behold
Those fiercely flashing eyes, scorning from hence
All former sluggishness! What lances bold
Of anger, pride and strength are shot with hate untold!

Such transformation and electric thrills
As gleam and swell the serpent's frame alarms
His now suspicious soul and sudden stills
Insanity and drink's delirious charms.
This lightning sight of death's impending harms
Doth instant nourish life. His will and hope,
Deep ancient hate, and horrid fear all arms
His spirit quick with this new foe to cope,
With high resolve and prayer life's door anew to ope.

Oh battle high! Oh conflict most supreme!
Oh strife and strain unknown! Oh struggle vast
And strange beyond what all may seem
To sight! In this embrace now lock the past
And future as they ne'er before were clasped.
The highest now engages with the least;
A spirit of divine celestial cast
For highest prize now struggles with the least.
This from beneath in strength each moment is increased

By low and strong but blind material force.
This from above, its pure ancestral clime,
Draws immortality, whose spirits course
The soul and gird as in unvanquished prime.
The combat moves in tragedy sublime;
All natures from life's antithetic spheres
In sympathy watch this historic time.
Full oft the snake by subtle secret gears
Her coils in narrow space, and when she least appears

With quick recoil and motions swift expands
Her circles, size and length. That sudden might
Would burst the grasp of his marmorial hands,
But he all wise with superhuman sight
Foresaw the move, and grasping still more tight
His choking fingers round her neck, did seek
To strangle her. But life's tenacious right
Time and again forth from her heart would speak,
And stronger than before the past would little reack.

Repeated times she did surcharge each cell
With mad dynamic life, and fresh anoint
Her liquid energies with fierce impel
To find and strike his one unarmored point.
But he, that one sure stroke that would disjoint
His spirit from its frame did ever guard,
And to each swing a motion did appoint
That broke its force, and did react so hard
The serpent's frame was stung, and he more ribbed and
barred.

On each side of his hand her puffed and vast
Expanding flanges would she raise; then wind
Her lengthy coil around his fist and arm with fast-
Est circling speed, till nerves and muscles twined
With the cumbrous coils almost unbind
From her paralysis. Her mass did weight
His strength, and so her warm electric-wined
Desire did seek his fingers to unbate,
That, being free in head, a mortal she might mate.

But his left hand, iron-fingered and sharp-nailed,
Swifter and sure than eagle talons wear,
So instantly, so furiously assailed
The beast, so 'neath her shining scales would tear
Into her trembling frame and each time bear
Away a handful of her flesh, that such wound
And loss of blood no strength would often dare;
So swift her length from off his arm unbound,
While he relaxed again still tighter grasped her round.

Then from his horizontal arm so strong
Her shining folds in spirals bright would twine
Into a pyramidic column. Long
Straining from her broad and sliding base, a line
Of constant and discharging strength would pine
To break the joint of his right-angled arm.
She strains to plant her fangs. Her spirits shine
Upon her forked tongue and spits its deadly harm;
Her electric lightning eyes with her strange nature's charm

She pierces in his soul, to fascinate
And conquer by her craft and that disguise
Which sometimes seems divine. But eye nor hate
Unharness him in sudden false surprise.
He drags and breaks her base. Her coils arise
By his vast lift, or sink beneath his weight.
The energy of her expanding size
Of anger he meets as with the strength of fate,
And on a ragged rock with hopes that rise elate.

He smites her head; with curses dark did dash
The slippery, intertwined frame until
She was a mangled mass. Her blood did splash
His naked arms and breast. But can death still
The unvanquished and unextinguishable will?
Steaming with foam and fierceness nought could keep
She stretches out her length to sure fulfill
Her dying hope. Now with resistless leap
Her far extending lines in sudden circles sweep

Upon her foe, and with tremendous shocks
His body strikes. With unremitting toils
She ever seeks within her mighty locks
And knotted chains and complicated coils
To involve his frame. But wisdom spoils,
And lightning glance and motions quick doth tear
Asunder all her advantageous moils.
Should lines or links at any point constrict, there
His strength so like the sea, puissant, purple, bare,

Grasps, twists and quick unbinds and breaks
Her vast involving length. From his arm or thigh
Or feet his iron fingers tears and shakes
The dragon with a spirit's granite might.
In that sustained and unsuspended fight
The sinews of his strength he doth renew;
Once more high heaven's first victorious might
Is flowing in his spirit to endue;
The victory now is won, the conflict now is through.

The beast o'ercome or in a moment's faint
Was motionless and still. A flowing stream
Of crimson and coagulating blood did paint
Its path across the spattered grass. The gleam
Of life was gone, and the warm pulsating steam
Of agony was borne away. The victor strong
With spirits new from out the heart of dream
Bore it around a trophy to his song;
Its mangled form did fascinate; he held and bore it long.

Thus his weak pride holds her on high and shows
The bleeding mass before the shuddering eyes
Of men, whose sympathetic wisdom throws
Upon his soul their heaven-appealing cries
To cast her far. Alas! Alas! Despire
Doth victory the warning voice of fears;
The angels sent before the soul arise
And speak God's truth between their blinding tears;
How often, oh how oft they speak but heart ne'er hears!

"Oh cast it far! That serpent is not slain!
'Tis but a moment faint with loss. This rest
Is gain, and for its last and conquest strain.
Yes! even now is gathering strength that breast
From its own pain all felt but deep suppressed;
And from thy heart of low exulting pride
Is passing thy best power. Yea! the angels blest
Which guarded thee and hemmed from every side
Thy deadly foes unknown now spread their pinions wide.

"Oh hurl it quick and far! The gulf's deep
Satanic presence, influence, power and fate
Are gathering round, and this delusive sleep
Will wake. Oh intoxicated pride! Why wait
When heaven and hell with eternity's great
Voice is calling now to cast it and be free?
Oh fling it far with thy best curse or late,
Too late the hour and power to cast will be!
Her long-concealed strength will wake and conquer thee.

"This tremendous hour, this concentrated
Impassioned and last focussed hour of destiny,
Is but a moment poised. When double-weighted
With the fate of doubtful immortality,
How canst thou trifle with thy curse? Oh free
Thyself forever! Oh turn thy pride to fear,
And instant dash this serpent far from thee!
Oh haste! Oh haste! for heaven's golden sphere—"
Too late! Too late! The beast revives and hope doth
disappear.

Most terrified and wrapped in stormy fear,
Which weakens strength to weakness, he renews
The courted strife with death's unconquered sphere.
Some once or more the many-knotted thews
Of her constricting folds he did abuse
By his last hope and strength. This strange surprise
Into his heart new spirit did infuse,
Beneath the dome of final judgment skies
To cast his enemy far he oft and vainly tries.

Thus interwolved, the white intensities
Of vast tremendous strain, as when heaven and hell
United in terrific conflict frees
Upon the soul of man, so now impel
Each other. The unvanquished beast did tell
All battle lore, and after other range,
In circles new, in solid coils, in bell-
Like hammer strokes, in sudden, subtle change,
And in new knots of death, mystic, swift and strange.

New learnings thus her energies increase,
And in each move still stronger, hard and sure
She wraps his frame, and prophecies the lease
Of mortal hope is short. Can he endure
That foaming anguish? From whence can life secure
More than purpureal strength? See! His eyes
Are blinded by the blood with which the creature
Hath besmeared his brow. Oh more than mortal wise!
Thy blinded conquered foe is now at last thy prize!

Yet once more in desperation's mad
And frenzied fury, blind concentrated
Power tore off and dashed the beast; but glad
And swelling with insanity, the elated
Serpent's wiry head and satiated
Eyes of lightning strength unfolds her lengthy coil
From off his blind and now forever fated
Soul. Her high victorious heart aboil
With all her enemy's first delirious rage, doth oil

Her soul with joy's renewing might. One swing,
One lightning leap, one terrific hammer stroke,
One all-involving, most entangling thing,
Striking this mortal mass, did instant yoke
His right arm, neck and frame. Ere he awoke,
Or could resist, or think to do or what,
In linked folds no mortal hands have broke,
Round his left thigh and both his feet, her knot
The serpent instant locks and fells him on the spot.

Most easy then she quickly wraps her frame
Of narrowing circles with triumphantness
Around her foe. Her spirit exultant flame
Shot through her length as none unbound can guess
A vast indrawing strain, that did suppress
Life's last and reflex motions, and the groans
Of his unconscious or semi-consciousness;
A pause, a few short turns, a few cracked bones;
A dying sigh, and silence on a world of strife and moans.

And I awoke from that intense behold,
With deep relief from all that round did press.
That hour and power the spirit did enfold
As sorrow breaks the bands of selfishness.
The high noon sun unseen had grown less;
The shadows fell; the cold dank filled the air;
My eyes were wet, my heart filled with distress,
In seeing borne this victim to her lair
In darkness unexplored, but where? Oh, who knows where?

WEARY.

I am not weary with the world,
Sea, mountain, moon or sun;
With man, nor with the changes hurled
Or work that must be done;
But I am weary of my heart
Its sin and guilt and grief;
The passions wide that tear apart,
But most, my unbelief.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

I've travelled up and down the world,
Around and here and there,
Just like a chip the stream has whirled
To where? Oh who cares where?
But one more journey I will go,
Soon one more journey make,
When to the grave I travel slow
And of its rest partake.

PROGRESS.

Oh World! Oh Life! Oh Time!
Oh trinity that chime
The happy bells! Oh happy bells of birth!
When we descend from heaven's azure clime
And enter into earth.

Up! Up the future's slope
Ye nurture us with hope!
Oh what a host of shining dreams divine
Doth blind us blind, as in the light we grope
With passions drunk with wine!

Oh World! Oh Time! Oh Life!
Why with a lightning knife
Is that dream world in youth's delighted eyes
Like Sodom rained? and ruin, blight and strife
Around the journey lies.

On! On! No stop, but change!
No turn but onward range!
More heavy weights, more pain and blinding tears
Affect the heart, till open up most strange
Some new discovered spheres.

Oh Life! Oh Time! Oh World!
Though scorned and wreck-like hurled
Ye turn the loss into transcendant gain;
For higher spheres with golden gates impearled
Shine on the heart and brain.

Out of our grief and fears
We look unto the years;
Ourselves we know, and know ye mortal three,
The friends disguised, for your harsh kindness rears
In us eternity.

Oh World! Oh Life! Oh Time!

Oh Trinity sublime!

Ye nurse us first, give and destroy our dreams;
Show the ideal; and build manhood to rhyme
With heaven and its themes.

Three faithful, faithful friends

Working to vastest ends!

Work on! Work on against this course of crime!
Once ye were cursed; but curse to blessing bends,
Oh World! Oh Life! Oh Time!

DECEPTION.

"The world converted in this generation!"

How dark thrones deception and elation

Cast on bright minds though by the ages taught!

Sublimest truths in splendor they enshroud,

And rainbow lies gleam from the bannered cloud

As to allure the princes of high thought

From truth, to sound a vain and moment's boast

And with such hopes deceive the sacramental host.

Could aught but dream, or night's distempered brain,
Or reason tottering on her throne insane,

Or dotaged memory, murmuring of her youth,

Rave of the church's power to save the world?

Could aught but hell's infatuation, whirled

On by the falsest spirit of untruth

Through some dark night, or solid-coned eclipse,

Deny the light of heaven and truth on life's own lips?

Oh first deceit! The last and darkest birth
Of night's unfathomed gulf has sprung on earth,
And blinds the eyes of her high prophet race!
What spirit speaks? What charms of death infernal
Thus veil our eyes from life and truth eternal?
Oh Thou divine, majestic splendored face!
Oh countenance of pure effulgent light!
Dost Thou still shine on earth before our mortal sight?

Oh holy light! Oh uneclipséd sun!
To-day undimmed as when life first begun
Thou rollest forth a flood of living splendors.
One moment in Thy presence, when Thy light
Bursts from Thy soul in its effulgence bright,
Reveals the dark and all its hid attenders,
Then once again descend from heights above,
And undeceive the heart with brightest beams of love.

But not unto this dark and sinking world
Of hoary crime, whose populations, whirled
On and blinded by the driving storms of
Greed and strife and death, beholdest not Thy face,
Oh not to these the splendors of Thy grace
Reveal! for Thy own radiant form of love
Was crucified and nailed toward heaven in scorn,
And be as once again, again it must be borne.

But on this church, whose long delusive dreams
Of fitful, phosphorescent paleness, gleams
Like morning lights of golden purity
Upon their blinded sight, oh now unburst
The brightness of Thy being! It, from all immersed
In sleep of sin which pure lights never see,
Will drive false dreams, and with a swift surprise
Will burn new visions deep upon the spirit's eyes.

Oh what a sight for heaven's new-opened eyes!
Against Thine azure purities arise
 A million forms of ebony selfishness.
This worst of all disease upon each face
Of unimpassioned power doth daily trace
 Prophetic signs no mortal can suppress.
Who can behold these signs which strong men tremble
And life and light and truth to his own soul dissemble?

Where is the image of heaven's eternal king
Of beauty? Where the dazzling lights that wing
 From faintest sign of his all perfect form?
Where is the faith? Where is the golden speech
Of prayer? Where are the flaming songs that reach
 The broken heart of sorrow? Where the warm
 Pulsating and all vitalizing love
That sacrifices all in acts like his above?

Behold those brows! Tragic, prophetic faces,
Where sin and her unconscious guilt entrances
 Lines to God the most unlike. Behold how pride
Lifts up each countenance with scorn! How hate
And lust and greed and pleasure satiate,
 And cruel ambition, how they all are dyed
In mingled blood of their own hearts, no less
Than of the murdered heart of murdering selfishness!

Dark discontent, rebellious unbelief,
O'ershadowing fear and low consuming grief
 Dark curtains draw when darker things have play.
Hosts of dishonored vows and withering scorn
Of truth and love the Christ again enthorns
 With greater guilt than that dark-annaled day.
By deeds, not words, another Calvary
Of his and their own souls the prophet eyes can see.

Beneath these forms what mockery of life!
How cold and still to that eternal strife
 Grace doth sustain with all the powers of sin!
Oh what celestial poles from love divine,
That lives and works with Calvary's glorious sign
 Of vast unselfishness on hands and heart within!
How strange to life! How like to death! What dreams
Of doubt and scorn and fear a granite charnel streams!

Behold these lives! How fair! but under, leprous
And eaten deep, till like an ulcerous
 Moving mass of worse than putrid death
Upon itself and all things that are round
Contagion flows; while living germs abound
 Both near and far. A deadly laden breath
Upon this mortal struggling mass is blown,
And millions die from those who should the life of life have
 sown.

Can such a church convert the world to Christ?
Physician heal thyself! Heaven's balms unpriced
 Scorn heathen souls while thou diseased so art:
The wise will say: "The world within our day!
Oh convert the church! The frame must stay
 Upon a vital rich sustaining heart."
The very wise: "A converted church must wait
A converted ministry, and that, a professoriate."

FIT TO LIVE.

To-day I stood 'mid the obsequious rites
Of one advanced to three score ripest years.
His manhood powers had blossomed on the heights
Of life, and underneath him were the spheres
Of inexperience, of ignorance and tears.
The loss and grief around his honored name
Not only moved the ties that time endears,
But with a strength of sympathy did claim
A large community. Death's unrelenting shears
Did sever him from all, just as the aim
Of all his life was reached and he was crowned with fame.

For he was one who filled conspicuous place
In the affairs, labor and thought of men;
He was a city's pillar and a grace
Before the eyes of aspiration's ken.
He rose by long laborious toil and when
His place was won the virtue of his days
Unfolded like a flower within a pen.
Poverty and prosperity did raise
His character above this earthly fen
But not to God. Jealousy restrained its praise,
But the wise were free to sigh in pious thoughtful ways.

"How strange it seems that life should be so brief
And all is o'er when we have reached the place
Where we partake the virtue of our grief,
And wear the armor with which age doth lace
Our spirit's passions! Yes! Just when we can face
The battle with self-control and patience:
When foresight, wisdom, skill and sacrifice embrace
With labor, courage, promptitude, endurance:
Just as we are fit to run our mortal race
Then that blind hand bereft of living sense
Doth strike us to the earth as cold and hard and dense."

“Man is just fit to live when he must die;
The blind impetuosity of youth doth pass
Before the soul that cometh from on high;
But scarcely has it come, and the magic glass
Doth cast its inspiration pictures, when alas!
Alas! life's hope and at its golden prime
Is stricken down to mingle with the grass;
Is stricken down and the highest worth of time
Sinks sheer from sight in death's unfed crevasse,
As to be fit to live were but a crime
And those high virtues nought that maketh life to chime.”

Hark! Hark! Is a man fit to live because
The labor virtues of life's selfishness
Have triumphed and been organized to laws
That rule these earthly elements that press
Upon and in us? Do those habits that dress
Life's latter years with regularity and
Give equipoise to age so passionless?
Or those restraining powers that have command
Upon us in positions of success?
Do these harmonize with yon celestial land
And liken us to God in all from heart to hand?

Oh how much that bears the stamp of virtue
Is nothing more than gilded selfishness!
What revelations when life's lightnings through
And through us pierce, and God's eternities press
Into heart and mind! Dare the blindest guess
That virtue lives in hearts motived by self
Though with a famed benevolence they dress?
Or that qualities that rule the spheres of self
Can stand the hour when judgments all express?
Such things and more can move the lords of wealth
And not so much as touch virtue or spirit health.

He alone has right, alone is fit to live
Who findeth God without and in his heart,
And unto him in most unselfish motive
As to another his being doth impart.
A sense of him that blinds this earthly mart,
A trust supreme, a love that is the sire
Of most immortal deeds, a magic art
That even here can heaven's air inspire
And see the lines of his celestial chart;
He alone is fit to live, and his desire
Shall mount the spheres of life forever rising higher.

Plant such a soul in any circumstance
Or up or down life's strange unbalanced scale:
Take what thou wilt that does the heart entrance
And add the ill which strongest mortals pale:
Mingle anew the elements that sail
Around him, or plant him into any state
At either pendulum extreme, nor fail
To swiftly change the externalities that mate
With virtue and seem her coat of mail:
A spirit such is soon adjusted straight
And with the life divine is fully satiate.

Plant him in the very heart of those vast
Immortal splendors, purities and powers
That rule the universe, or o'er him cast
Some living dream the Infinite endowers:
What praise and admiration before those towers
Upon the height of life! What services
To greatness would sanctify the hour
And situation! What supersensual bliss
Of love and aspiration would devour
His passioned heart with white intensities!
And tidal streams of life would pass from all to his!

Cast him 'mid hell's chaotic and rebellious
Host of blaspheming and crucifying crime
Against the Christ within the virtuous:

There right before the Devil's throne, what prime
And proudest majesty, with sublime

Prophetic voice of thunder tone would smite
Those powers with condemnation! That clime

Of blackest guilt and sin's unbroken night
Would be as when some electric soul of time

Doth flash and flash with sheets or bolts of white,
The burning purities of love and life and light.

See yon chaotic world wide swinging there

Upon creation's farthest bound! What need
Of pure self-sacrifice, of faith and prayer

And every act that love can ever feed!

Were here he placed his heart would daily bleed

Its crimson tears, and fresh celestial might

Would rise within as the Divine did breed

A world-sustaining love, that did delight

To take that globe as its own living seed;

Would take the globe and out of starless night

Would nurse it up to God and noonday splendors bright.

Or plant him here where these extremest powers

Are present, mingled, and with contentious fray
Immortal make the evenescent hours:

The adoration, self-sacrifice and day-
Condemnations of the night display

His symmetry and passion rounded heart;

One life, one law, one principle has sway

With infinite direction and doth impart

All energy and harmony. A lay

Of blessedness the times could never bart

To heaven, earth and hell unvanquished measures start.

Live on oh soul! Oh son of faith and God!
For thou alone of all the earth doth live.
All else is death, although they be the laud
And inheritors of all that time can give.
Thou only hast a course with an ascensive
Sweep unto the summit of celestial height.
Thou shall find the universe preservative
Of thee its hope. All its energies of might
Both of the underived and the deriv-
Ation shall nurse thee with supreme delight,
And forever bear thee high beyond the noonday's sight.

SIGHT.

When I was young! When I was young!
My soul was always dreaming!
Bright airy visions on me sprung,
Unreal and summer seeming.
Now I am old! Now I am old!
I have a finer seeing;
No more the dreams do I behold,
But truth and life and being.

DONALD'S ANSWER.

I asked: "Do men better grow and rise
To higher moral levels?"
"Better! Boys grow men with wicked size
And men grow damned old devils."

HELL FIRE.

Oh Thou Spirit of Fire! Oh Thou Spirit of Fire!
Thou nature of passion and deepest inspire!
Thy essence divine and thy high purity
Enchanteth the heart into union with thee.

Thou enchanteth the heart and it draweth most near;
Thou enchanteth the heart, but it standeth in fear;
For fire without law is the swiftest destroy
Of the agents or forces that man can employ.

But all the destroy, the destroy thou hast done
From the center of earth to the height of the sun,
Is lost and eclipsed by what thou hast been
As a symbol to man of the nature of sin.

There, there is a world without orbit or law;
Such a one, only one has the system e'er saw;
The dark starless void that engirdeth her path
Is plowed by her curse and consumed by her wrath.

There is fire in her heart, there is fire in her breast,
There is fire in her bones and the flesh they have dressed;
There is fire in her air and her sky, cloud and wind,
Fresh lightning and fire-rain forever unbind.

There spirits immortal right out of her bowels
Are torn with an anguish and agony's howls;
For in them is born such a fearful desire
As teareth the soul with the hungers of fire.

The spirits there born they are fed on the fire;
They draw it from nature and mother and sire;
Down, down from their sky and up, up from their earth,
Comes the fierce driven blast and the fuel for such birth.

When they grow to their youth there is hunger and greed
For the fire that was theirs and but salted their feed.
They reveal what they are and all creatures they eat
With the hungers of flame and the ardors of heat.

In the height of their strength they yearn for the glow
Which the nature of fire and the furnace bestow;
Then all that they are and all that they rule
And the strong-driven blast is their glad-given fuel.

Oft, oft in their age still is hungry desire
For baptisms new in new rivers of fire.
"Oh deepen the bath and Oh quicken its strength!"
Is often the cry of their age's full length.

Since men in the symbols of senses must think,
And out of these cups all his knowledge first drink,
The image now turn for it pictures forth sin,
There is no fire without, but all fire is within.

Their world is as bright as our splendors of dawn;
Their fields are as green as our grass-growing lawn;
Their skies are as blue as the deep of our noon;
And their night is as rich as our stars and our moon.

Sin, sin is the fire, and a nature of fire
No sinner or saint can with image attire.
It is spark! It is flame! It is glow! It is fuel!
Consuming ourselves and all kingdoms we rule.

See the lust of the flesh! How the blood in us burns!
And the high laws of life and their Giver it spurns.
Their youth, strength and beauty with frenzied desire
They plunge without thought to the greed of the fire.

It burns in the heart and the brain and the eyes;
Consuming itself if the other denies;
Consuming them both with the swiftest desire
As their beings keep feeding the passions of fire.

It brandeth the brow with the foulest of shame;
It mantles the cheek with a red-hot flame;
It filleth the blood and the bones till they burn
And a leperous heap is the ash in the urn.

See the pride of our life! What a radiant glow
Around and before and beneath them they throw!
A spirit electric with passionate scorn
Of all that in heaven and earth may be born.

The ambitious fire of the great doth devour
Their front, stay and strength; their fame, place and
power;
Nought, nought on the earth stays the fierceness of sin
Consuming our "might be" as well as "have been."

The gifted and great on the pathway to fame,
They are more on our night than a splendor of flame;
A heart and a mind, where the forces of life
In the conflicts of hell are forever at strife.

See the pleasures of life, what a furious fire
So lawlessly raging for larger require!
Consuming the host, both the old and the young
By the instant devour of the fuel to it flung.

It consumeth the earth, it mounteth on high;
It casteth its flames on the clouds of the sky;
The host, Oh the host and all kingdoms that be,
They are feeding the fire as the blindest can see!

A crackle and flash with a moment of flame
And a spirit of life has gone out of the game;
Nor cinder nor ash nor even a trace
Of a "Fourth of July" can be found in his place.

See the anger and hate! What explosion of wrath,
And a lightning swift bolt as they burn out their path!
Strife, anguish and death, and a being insane
As the nethermost boils in the heart and the brain.

Man, woman and child, the strong, feeble and sick
Are instantly burned to their spirit's deep quick;
And the atmosphere round with contagion is hot,
And singeth all life like a black, barren blot.

If the spirits are scorched that encircle them round,
How more their own soul where these passions abound?
What a blasting and blight for the heart and the mind,
And dangers ahead from the magazine blind!

See the traffic in drink! What distilled liquid hell
Is made and is licensed and sold where we dwell?
A river of fire that all boundary o'erflows,
Devouring at once both its friends and its foes.

A river of fire to an ocean of flame,
It flows and its freight are the nations of shame;
And it waters the lives that are ruined and cursed,
And its fountain's the votes that the traffic has nursed.

What a death-poisoned heart! What a fire-maddened
brain!

What homes and what families and hosts have been slain!
Could man in his curse and his vengeance inspire
Such a furnace of wrath? Such a furious fire?

See the money-mad greed! What an infinite fire!
With the passion and strength and the fiercest desire
That is born in the heart, in the hunger of gold,
And quickly expands till the world cannot hold.

Every day we can see on the wide open street
The furnace all white with the glow of the heat;
And man taketh man like a shovel of coal
And shovels him in for the money in toll.

And even the women and children like ore
Are thrown in the fire if but gold they will pour.
Oh God of the heavens and angels behold
This fire, fiercest fire from the hunger of gold!

Such mingled and deadly and spiritual fire,
Is deep in the heart of all sinful desire;
And sinful desire in all mortals doth dwell,
The very same fire as in devils in hell.

Behold the wide earth! What a funeral stool!
Where the living are burned by their own given fuel.
What ashes and cinders around of consumed!
And what infinite more in the earth is entombed!

Oh hell! Hungry hell! All creation doth dwell
Before thee with a pause that no silence can tell!
Thy serpents and pain, thy curse, fire and force,
Is sin in its triumph and full on its course.

Yon, yonder is God 'mid the splendors that blind
Both the white glowing heart and more glowing mind;
Though his heart overflows with a mother's desire
'Gainst sin he reacts with an infinite ire.

Oh sin is a fire! Oh sin is a fire!
That burns on the earth and all spirits inspire;
All sinful aversion, all sinful desire
Makes ourselves and the earth and the universe fire.

'Gainst self and her sin; Oh, forever 'gainst sin!
Is the universe built both without and within.
Her material frame and her spiritual powers
Both the sin and the sinner most instant devours.

Sin is fire for the mind. Sin is fire for the heart.
Sin is fire for the flesh and for all that thou art.
Sin is blasting and curse and consuming desire,
Worse, worse than all dreams of the unbridled fire.

Sin is fire for thee here. Sin is fire for thee there,
Through all space and all time and all states that we share.
Sin is fire down in hell from whence we all fly,
But a thousand times more round the Holy and High.

I was born in the fire. I have lived in the same;
I have felt in and round me the merciless flame.
Yet Oh God of all grace! let Thy grace greater reign!
And Thy father heart hear a new prayer in my pain.

Oh save me from sin! Oh save me from sin!
From all that is without but far more from within!
Do just what Thou wilt; nought, nought grace desires,
But salvation from sin—sin the soul of all fires.

DAMN THE POLICE.

When now and then some mighty tragedy
Of vast proportioned elements on its heights
Of wealth and power and famed society,
Shakes the nation's sensibility, smites
Her mad insanity for money, rights
Her nature's deep irreverence till shame
And fear and grief upon the conscience lights
Restoring moral reasonings and the blame
Of God's eternal judgments swift trembles through her
frame:

When some fashionable and adulterous
Beauty, whose strange enchantments chain mankind
Is slain on the unsatiated voluptuous
Couch of sensuality, and her blind
Paramour in desperation has consigned
Himself to violent death and to disgrace,
Oh such disgrace time never can unbind!
A dozen families and friends of wide embrace
Most sensitive to shame which they must daily face:

When the instant investigating press
Doth asunder most unmercifully tear
Society's silken curtains that dress
The dark and deed no light could ever dare,
And nations with a blank astonishment stare
At a thousand shadowy scandals that hide
Their trembling frame from the hands that would
them bare;

From hands that show corruptions sure supplied
From hell's congested sewers and the powers that there
abide:

Then the alien unprophetic souls
That usurp the grandest office of all time
Awake. As an indignant public rolls
Their elemental judgments on its crime
They awake and rise to being's most sublime
And godlike power and passion. The azure skies
Of infinite purity and the prime
Effulgent lightnings of the eternal eyes
Blaze forth in majesty when in the church they rise.

Then speaking like a god of infinite
Self-righteousness they scatter judgments through
The earth. The times and forces in it,
The laws and powers and institutions that do
Their service, the impersonals and new
Impulsions of the age-spirit, all things
But those that nurse these tragedies we view
Their passion strikes, and their simulation flings
High heaven's lightning bolts on bright and splended
wings.

Their full diapason of execration
Strikes the police. On their unsheltered heads
Sinai uncaps her whitest indignation.
Earthquake's subterranean thunders plow their beds
In the world's fiery heart. The hungry gulf speds
Its unsatiated fierceness after such.
Unfaithful guardians of the law it weds
With untensity and vengeance over much,
And sendeth forth its flames that arm-like it them clutch.

The preachers as if by preconcerted
Action take a golden trumpet from the wall
Of Zion and on the God deserted
Officers of law they simultaneous call:
"Damn the police! Damn the police! Oh all
Ye powers of heaven and earth and hell, damn the
police!"

Their echoes fill time's reverberating hall
For just a single moment, and release
A host of dying whispers which soon forever cease.

Then gradually they go to sleep again
And society goes on in all its crime.
They go to sleep and some dare dream that men
Rise up divine and unto heaven climb.
They mumble the dead platitudes of time
And for the living God within the heart
Substitute science, poetic scraps, the chime
Of music, the ritual ornaments of art,
And the white-washed self, and the gold of mine and mart.

Soon another tragedy wakes the world.
Another gifted and immortal spirit
Is like a meteor from heaven's height hurled
To the abyss that is forever near it.
Instantly from their slumbers when they hear it
They arise and shout their accumulated curse
Again upon the undeserved police,
For that which their own faithlessness doth nurse,
And which while what they are will grow still worse and
worse.

Yes! The police are unfaithful to the law:
But tell me: Are these moral diletantists
Any more faithful to the solemn awe,
Truth and ideal that crowd the golden vistas
Of eternity and crown the azure palaces
Of heaven? Where is the zeal commensurate
With the heights and infinite purities
That rule the spheres in everlasting state?
And what dream they of these while platitudes they prate.

Unfaithful prophets are the greatest curse
That ever strikes a nation. They bear the first
Responsibility of that sad reverse
Of morals that destroys the sacred thirst
For faith and truth. Such men are surely cursed
By that great voice that thunders from the towers:
"Cursed be he, in death and hell immersed,
Who breeds deceit within God's image, and showers
The mingled true and false upon man's doubtful hours."

This is the point where eternity
Breaks into time. When dark and deep immersed
In time how can the high supernity
Of holiness shine through them and create a thirst
In man. Should the Hebrew spirit burst
Into the church with but a partial power
The guilty self and the one supremely cursed;
But from that curse the prophets rise to tower
The guardians of all life against monsters that devour.

Oh for the sake of coming generations
For God's sake and the church's trampled fame
Give us a few men! Oh let the grandest stations
On the globe vomit forth in deadly shame
These prophets, that bear not now even the name
Of a living god! Oh ye men of fire!
Incarnations robed in consuming flame
And breathing forth his infinite inspire!
Come! Mount again thy place, is the wide world's deep
desire!

Preach the inflexibility of right,
That would damn the universe ere decline
An iota from true perfection's height.
There is nought within creation worth a pine
But holiness, and only thou in all the line
Of history hast ever taught the heart its sin.
Thou alone knowest no images can sign
In fiercest fire the awful hells within
These principles that rule the world without and in.

But be unite with that self-sacrifice
That on the hell-ward side of man has stood
Against their suicide; which when it dies
Before the infuriated multitude
Doth rise with love divine and unsubdued
To breast the broad and crowded ways of sin.
Have thou the love that o'er the world can brood,
For holiness and love can ever win
The vilest hearts of hell and God enthrone within.

Come! Ye are the world's most immortal race!
Ye know nought great but greatness of the good;
Your base and height and strength is sovereign grace
Whose vital voice is not by men withstood.
Oh breathe they passion on this dead mortalhood!
Till the divine in man be quickened and arise
To front life's "should" and their rebellious "would."
Oh breathe thy passion! until repentant sighs
Rise up the darkened night and pierce the promised skies.

Oh living God supreme! Shall this last age,
The greatest that has ever swept the course
Of time and life, shall it not Thee engage
As anciently? Our desperate need doth force
The spirit's travailing prayer. Thou art the source
Of all salvation exploits and Oh baptize
With pentecost this more than mortal corse
Without Thee! Men of fire, the fire that tries
Us like the judgment day, men that unhorse
All hell and march in victory to the skies,
Such prophets to us send us the wide world's dying cries!

THE DEPARTED.

Oh Maid! Beloved Maiden!
Oh Spirit most divine!
Oh heart within the Aiden
For you I ever pine!
Since thou has far departed
And left me here alone,
I have been broken hearted
And would be with a throne.

I pine and weep in sorrow,
I suffer and would fain
From all around me borrow
Some balsam for my pain.
But what chalice from the fountain
Revives the dying breath?
What hope when o'er the mountain
Our love has gone with death?

The highest hopes of mortals
Were gathered up in thee;
The future's golden portals
Were bright as bright could be;
The joys the most divinest
That ever filled the heart,
Were in thy own enshrinest
And all to me did part.

Thy spirit pure and stainless
Did cleanse me white as snow;
In thee secure and chainless
I thought to ever grow.
Thy love within me burning
Did circle round like fire,
And kindled daily yearning
To all of high desire.

Thy countenance and fashion
Ideals did inspire,
And fed them with the passion
Of pure celestial fire.
In thee was all the beauty
For which we mortals thirst
When love inspirits duty
And into actions burst.

But now these hopes have vanished,
Those joys forever dead;
The love in exile banished
Ideals far have fled.
The morning has no glory,
The springtime has no light,
The poet has no story,
All is night, the blackest night.

As the brightest meteor splendor
Dies in a swift eclipse,
So died all these my tender
On thy cold icy lips.
They died when then I kissed thee,
Thou soul out of my soul!
And since the hour I missed thee
Darkness doth round me roll.

They spread for thee the pillow;
They covered thee with mould;
The murmuring weeping willow
New sorrow will unfold.
But thy grave it not yonder
Where tears the flowers start;
Wherever I may wander
Thy grave is in my heart.

This heart it is the sorest
Of stream or wind or trees,
Of all that in the forest
In sighing seeks for ease.
Though sweetest flowers bound it
And birds their music fling,
The memories that surround it
Can nought but sorrow sing.

Oh I would love thee maiden
While time and tide shall run!
While in thy spirit's Aiden
Shall shine on thee the sun!
And when its golden splendor
Will fade and die away,
Thy memory would be tender
And green as is to-day.

Thee would I love as fountains
Soft silver tinkling sounds;
As splintered granite mountains
The peace of their surrounds;
As soundless, soundless oceans
The azure purity;
And as the best devotions
Of man eternity.

But since thou hast departed
The strength of life has fled;
My hope is broken hearted
And bled and bled and bled.
I cannot follow after,
Nor dream or dare or do,
When weakness mocks with laughter
All effort to be true.

I am falling, falling, falling,
I am sinking, sinking down;
I am calling, calling, calling,
Nor answer find but frown.
Black, black the clouds that screen us,
Spirit of purity:
Vast, vast the gulf between us
My sinful heart can see.

Farewell beloved maiden!
Farewell spirit divine!
Though sin and sorrow laden
I would not burden thine.
Farewell beloved maiden!
Oh soul out of my soul!
Go on within thy Aiden
Though the storms around me roll.

NEED, GREED AND MEED.

How small our need! A little dress,
A little bread,
A little shelter from the weather's stress
And life is fed.

How large our greed! Can earth fill all
Our selfish dream?
Abuse we gifts that God lets fall
Yet him blaspheme.

What is our meed? A rugged grave,
A simple flower,
A memory dear some heart doth save
For one short hour.

A WORLD SIGH.

Oh Love! thou art the spirit most divine
Of all existing being. Thy presence fills
The universe, and is the heart that wills
All life. The green and golden globes that shine
And lamp the void are fed with living wine
From thy celestial breast and glance.
Such motions, majesty and lance
Of brightest splendors as forever kills
The undevout and prides that stream
In man, Oh, who could ever dream
Such beauty, power and harmony divine
Could be and be sustained by any heart but thine!

But in this world—Oh is it here alone?
Of all the million multiplied spheres that hail
Thy gifts—thy name and nature are in veil,
As if a solid starless night was thrown
Across the summer sun, and earth was blown
A source of wint'ry selfishness.
The elemental natures that dress
Her living soul with ocean, sky and vale,
And scarce the scars upon her heart
Conceal with all their magic art,
Bear witness with their murmuring looks and lips
Thy heart and countenance, Oh Love! are in eclipse.

Thus veiled from thee the unguarded earth doth
sweep
Her path among the constellated spheres
As a dishonor among the kingly peers
Of heaven's host. To them she is a heap
Of most chaotic ruins. Within her deep
What titanic elements of life
Are locked in their convulsive strife!
What tempest wrath and lightning bolt appears!
What earthquake, volcano and cyclone
Her bosom oft has rent and thrown!
What sweeping flood, frost, drought and hungry flame
The green-embosomed earth destroy or lasting maim!

Some withering blast is on the herbless field;
Some unseen ill eats at the forest's core;
Some spirit wars in beasts and birds for gore;
Some poisons too the fountains have unsealed;
All beasts and things announce the unrepealed
Curse on the earth. From nature's heart
Without the touch and time of art
No flower or fruit reach use or beauty's door.
Why should the beasts and powers of life
Have no high end but warring strife?
Earth from her heart to the splintered mountain peaks
In polyphonic voice the woes of judgment speaks.

Dowered thus she swings along her course
And through the void utters her solemn dirge;
For all she is, has been and would be, surge
Her heart and frame with deep, voluminous force
And echoes far away. These thunders hoarse
Doth strike her sister wedded spheres,
Doth fall on their harmonious ears
As sin discords in heaven's song emerge.
With silent awe, uncertain fears,
Each listens whence the sound appears.
Oh what a drawn-out diapason curse
To echo from our sphere throughout the universe!

The long generations of her mortal
Sons whose destiny is but to find a birth
And faith and fellowship above the earth,
Then quick to pass beyond the shadowed portal
To join the hosts forever more immortal:
What glancing eye of heart or mind
Beholds that line and is not blind
With grief, as when death falls on lover's mirth?
To see the loved and best created
With sense and sins and shadows mated;
To see not faith nor nature's faint belief,
Astounds angelic ranks and burdens them with grief.

Oh our human nature is disorganized
From all creation! It is antithetic
To humanity, to the rich prophetic
Skies, to nature's fabric, to its God devised
Constitution and the idealized
Virtues and Divine inspires
To wake and feed our best desires.
The conscience is dethroned and heretic
Sense's dark impulsive power
Is rebel to the spirit's dower.
All gifts have some lack, fullness or alloy
As failures certain makes, embitter and destroy.

Yes! Yes! In the far ancestral founts of life
Some mystery dark was introduced that lives
From sire to son, and a field for ruin gives
God's workmanship with potencies most rife.
This strange mephitic element with strife
Has poisoned every heart and brain,
And often God's last blessing, pain.
Our quintessential essence, the motives,
From uncreated virtues bent,
And fell in that same steep descent
As the primal godlike purities that fell
From heaven's right hand thrones to the fire-locked gulfs of
hell.

Some spirit of that dark, infernal region
Seems still at work, and pours satanic power
On this descent by which they swift devour
The heritage of hope. Diverse and legion
The inspiration which she doth endower,
So each from his high destined end
And from his brother's good doth bend.
All reasonless by blind infatuation
The human bands and brotherhoods,
Are severed and new multitudes
Of deadly strifes spring up each day to birth,
With power and hate and death to all of right and worth.

What a field for strife is the human soul!
Though to all eyes and oft to self unknown,
Two worlds of life and death have there been thrown
For mastery. There in the darkness roll
The resistless powers that guard each moral pole
Of this dynamic universe.
Beings of blessings and of curse
Contend there oft, whom man may full disown;
But most, self with himself and gifts of power
Contend or suffer or devour.
Sense and soul, might and right, real and ideal,
Sweep his heart with changing woe but never lasting weal.

The heart is the first battle field; the first
Instrument of death the thought within the fist;
And the first cause is man's high pride when hissed
By stronger power or stronger selfish thirst
That scorns all laws and to its end has burst.
No need of outer worlds to stir
The elements of hate and murder,
Since all powers within encrouch and all resist.
But when another world so like
To this doth on her bosom strike,
More deadly strifes spring instant up to birth
And sweep in frenzied war across anarchic earth.

Oh War! War! War! Oh outward and embodied state
Of man's own nature! The unregenerate man
Has all the elements of war's infernal ban
In his vile heart. His selfishness and hate
Sleeps not nor feeds till they annihilate
Obstructs of pride and power and greed.
Defenceless weak, unarmored need
Are gloated o'er with eyes of murderous scan.
The armies and the navies often seem,
And often seem to be no dream
As giant men whom trifles disengage
And elemental furies within and round them rage.

What histories hast thou written on the earth
Of fiery force and vengeance, blood and lust!
Oh what destroy from grandeur unto dust
Of most men are and all they hold of worth!
Which of the long generations whose birth
Was not eclipsed by thee and thine?
Which of the years that long untwine
Was not with stain, deep, crimson stain out thrust?
What nations never pained and bowed
When thee and thine together crowd?
What nations never loud, jubilant and free
When thou in chains were thrust as hell's hound ought to be?

Oh inhuman war! Oh infernal birth!
Thou transformest earth to hell and revels
Man as drunken, mad and thrice damned devils
In blood and death, in rapine, fire and lust. The earth
Could bear the cost and count it more then worth
If thou couldst meet an equal mate
And each the foe annihilate.
All know beneath life's sun-kissed highland levels
Wars have their source and leave their stain
On the lust of pride and power and gain.
Oh war! as thou the throat of death has crammed
Thy spirit, works and lore forever deep be damned!

Still thou shalt be, for to-day the nations groan
Beneath deep marshaled ranks and armaments
That public fear alone from broil prevents.
These hounds of hell if this frail leash be thrown—
Oh restrain! Restrain! Too well the truth is known!
Not yet the crimson spear and sword
Shall trim the vine and turn the sward.
Thy presence we must bear till omnipotence
All hostile powers from power disown
And change man's heart and love enthrone.
Oh deliverance shalt thou ever come,
Since faith is often slain and hope is stricken dumb!

And other fields then the mangled scattered dead
Their victims claim of thousand thousands slain.
Trade and industries: I know they must remain
For human need, but what heart has never bled
For boys and girls on hours of labor fed?
The city's heart each morn doth bleed
To see them forced by forcing need,
And early bound by slavery's iron chain.
The home and school, forest and field
Should in and round them be unsealed.
What a sacrifice for a worthless heap of gold
Do the heavens above and the earth beneath behold?

From their short youth until their ripest years
A hopeless labor is the law of life;
For labor without God is but a strife
Of selfishness and death, while heaven's spheres
Of life and love grow blind and disappears.
The law is: "Toil! Toil! Toil, oh slave!"
And with no end but for the grave.
If one rebels then hunger's ragged knife
Doth tear a gash straight to the heart,
Which men will see and cold depart.
No other passion like the curse of gold
Can change the warming heart to polar icy cold.

In this intense and concentrated age
Of selfishness, the workmanship divine
Though deep defaced, bearing the workman's sign,
Is cheaper in the mart than what would gage
The value of a beast. Horses and kine
Command a larger care than men.
Machines are under constant ken,
And often dogs are tended by a page.
Oh human life is more than cheap!
Oft hunted, murdered to the deep.
Trade's vast machine turns swifter round and round
With nought or light regard for thousands ground and
ground.

Oh what a sorrow sight before the wise!
As they behold at the city's restless heart
Ten thousand thousand whose life is but a mart
For profitless exchange. Why do men's eyes
See not the throned and azure splendored skies!
To buy and sell, to get and gain
Is more than all the gifts of pain,
Or all the dreams that on her visions dart.
Men sell themselves, the god in them,
His jewels their birth which diadem.
Faith, love and truth, ideals and more are sold
By hosts of human kind for worthless heaps of gold.

Wealth now is god and life's supremest art
Is but to worship her. A golden image
Is enthroned on an exalted stage;
Her dazzling continental splendors dart
From sea to sea. Oh, each remotest part
Of this vast nation's host of men
Behold! Does not thy prophet ken
Behold the choicest spirits of the age
Hearing that sound low prostrate fall
To worship her their all in all?
The few that scorn the god that hosts desire
Are instant thrust again into a sevenfold fire.

Another class akin to these exchange
All gifts for public place; their all for power
And honors bright that fade within an hour.
And many more to wisdom still more strange
Barter all high kingdoms if they can range
Where fashion, wealth and pride aglow,
Eat, drink, drive and clothe and show.
Most near to these who forfeit equal dower
Another class hear pleasure's call
And haste to drink her honeyed gall.
How many in that swift seducing round
Deem trifles but the hour and foolishness there found?

A very few like travelers in a desert land
Do seek the fountains that have ever burst
To slake the mind and its consuming thirst
For knowledge, and the right to understand
What idealists in their high kingdoms planned.
Some fewer still who seem insane
With some wild fancies of the brain
Do ever seek their finite bands to burst
And in the Uncreated find
A purity for heart and mind.
These last, the wisdom, salt and light of earth,
Though scorned and trodden down, but find the ends of birth.

But, Oh this vast mass! This helpless seething mass
Of unconscious, blind and lost humanity;
Without life or hope of being's destiny,
What are they and who cares for them? They pass
As mighty herds o'er life's scant pastured grass.
No beauty on their eyeballs blind;
No kingly thoughts within the mind;
No impassioned pulse of eternity;
No love divine within the heart;
No God doth on their conscience start;
Their souls in rounds of labor, grief and greed,
Are dead to all high powers that life alone can feed.

Far, far from these: How very few of millions
Out of the mass as the morning stars do rise
With undimmed splendor! And what a glad surprise
To find in the eternal sphere pavilions
New firmamental lights! What postilions
Upon fire! What imperial power
In their right arm! What lightning dower
Of spirit blaze from their unconquered eyes!
For each who gain a throne and crown
What battling hosts must they tread down!
And Oh how oft! when on the summit's height
Life's gain is found as dross and noon is turned to night.

Around the golden portal of our birth
Congregate young strengths and joys and hopes,
Whose passions scorn the rough ascending slopes
Of life, for knowledge of rebellious earth
Can never pierce the consciousness of mirth
But Oh how soon! how very soon!
Beneath the height and heat of noon
The strongest faints and blind in darkness gropes.
Oh must this life forever slay us?
First a cosmos, then a chaos,
First ideals, fiery heart and lightning mind,
Then failure nor the good, within, before, behind.

Our desecrated and dethroned ideals,
Religious faiths and joys and sacred sorrows
Unsheltered roam time's unhospitable morrows.
As celestial foreigners in earthly fields,
Though with ancestral grace and royal seals,
They seek in vain some mortal heart
Wherein to dwell and free impart
What e'en the first archangel gladly borrows.
Oh what a wilderness for them!
Oh with what judgments they condemn!
High heaven's hosts come forth at birth to crown
At sunset they are fled or on us darkly frown.

Yea worse! Love travailing in her bondage
Dost inspire the poet's soaring mind.
These splendors of her new creation are signed
In imperishable imagery, and now gage
Man's deep descent and his unhallowed rage.
These images the most divine,
Whose music, power and light shall shine
Though ages like the past shall be untwined;
These natures pure which recreate
Who love and live and contemplate;
These kingdoms which the smile of God doth crown
By hosts and hosts and hosts are scorned and trampled down.

The sons of genius, the celestial powers,
The gifts divine, the hierarchs of worth,
The splendors rare that should enlight the earth
And guide her course to those immortal hours
They see and feel in their high spirit dowers:
Who weeps not sorrow's sacred tear
Upon the dark and ruined bier
Of this divorce from such prophetic birth!
Their sunlike gifts, their sunlike light
Serves but to read life's line aright.
Unbalanced, driven, ruined, ashamed and cursed,
None, none but them can know how life is strange reversed.

Why is human life so lean? Why failure,
Disappointment, loss, despondency, remorse?
The spirit's high endowments and the force
Of immortality doubtless should insure
Men high careers of progress, and should cure
The sad disorders of our state.
Vast potencies divine and great
And prophecies that through all storms endure
Are felt in will and heart and brain,
And kindle neath life's stress and strain.
Led on by dreams no dream should e'er deceive
Ideal worlds pass by and us behind them leave.

Why should the individual and the race
Be such fiascoes? What infinite ideal
Can justify the earth's dark history, and repeal
The waste of human life, the gifts and grace
Of billioned souls whom chaos doth embrace?
One, only one of all our line
Has ever reached the goal divine.
His few redeemed were found where ruin reels
Helpless to the abysmal deep.
All else is failure. Oh the reap
Of death! Oh the harvests vast of sin and hell!
Oh the loss and bitterness! God, God alone can tell!

Oh Love! two long millenniums have rolled around
Since thy high priest with sacrifice divine
Burst with effulgent brightness on the line
Of selfishness. With tremendous bound
Some sinful hearts leaped to his sight and sound.
The promise long has been delayed;
Hate, greed and strife are still unstayed,
But stronger grow as each with others twine.
Still evil yet doth reign supreme;
All clearly see in the lights that stream
The world is unredeemed. The Christ who died
Though the world's only hope each day is crucified.

The great institution of the church doth shame
Her proud pretentions. She is a disgrace
To God and a glory to the devil. Place,
Power, wealth and numbers, form and fashion's fame
Is more than Christ and the Spirit's glowing flame.
Without a splendor full unfurled;
Within a white washed wrinkled world,
A scorn of men whose piercing visions trace
One life in strange extremest forms.
A church that ne'er disturbs or storms
Whatever stands in live's obstructed way,
Is the worst restraining power of her divinest day.

The high enthroned, purple and crowned transgressors
Of position, power, wealth and intelligence,
O'er the wide hosts of helpless ignorance
Become still more the strong and proud oppressors.
The union and new acts of these possessors
Upon the new horizon's bound
Cast most portentous sight and sound.
What dark chaotic dreams will issue hence
From want and hunger outraged sleep
If once their tempest passions leap?
The strife of life intensifies each day,
The weak are beasts of burden, the strong are beasts of prey.

The religious instincts and the deep
Intuitional sense of the divine
Seems in a strange decay. The darkest sign
Of all our time is, that such hosts can sleep
With no more God than horses, kine or sheep.
No thanksgiving song, or prayer for
Help or confessions upward soar.
In most no moral nature seems to shine.
The fundamental pieties
Of nature, state and families,
That virtue lent to a less enlightened day
Seem dying in the strife and slowly pass away.

Atheism, profanity and ignorance,
Pride, pleasure, falsehood and dishonesty,
Drunkenness and foulest sensuality,
Material power and lordly competence,
All, all dark ghouls of selfishness and sense
Shout: "The earth, the earth is all our own,
Nor God nor heaven can us dethrone.
This is our royal day of power and we
Will blast or bless who bind or free
Our reign with more intensity.
God, heaven and angels high are overthrown
Bulwarked by ages long the earth is all our own."

Oh Love all things are calling out for thee!
The voice of earth and all her generations
With thunder song of mountain intonations,
Is gathering round thy throne of victory
In intercession for the liberty
From this bondage of corruption
Into the glory of the children
Of God. Through time's strife and agitations,
Though bound with adamant chain,
Though crucified and often slain,
All things oft sing with wider echoing tones
For thy millennial earth, millennial sons and thrones.

To men or office dare we longer grope?
Since the course of civilization in
The history of her leading men has been
A curse and loudest blasphemies against the hope
The azure skies upon our spirits ope.
Our politics are but a crime,
A pestilential bed of slime,
Sowing on life abortive births of sin.
Can honest men? Can men of God?
Can men of conscience, truth or laud
With any wing hold office, place or power
When justice is dethroned and bribery rules the hour?

All things now call and call alone for thee.
Time like an aged sire wrinkled and white,
But with his rich experiences doth slight
And scorn all panaceas that would free
The social heart from its long leperosity.
He has seen every generation
With some sure cure its courses run
Then leave the world with still more deadly blight.
No age has diagnosis sure
And if it had, Oh could it cure?
No mortal power regenerates the heart
And all things without this but more disease impart.

The very time's developments of power,
Knowledge and conquest over nature debate
The enfranchisement of man from this weight
Of centenarian ill. Is this endower
For selfish ends? Does it not invite the hour
Of disestablishment to throne
Thee over all supreme alone,
In honor, majesty and sovereign state?
The gifts and powers of heaven above
Are only safe in hands of love;
In other hands a curse they must untwine,
But with thee they are safe and grow still more divine.

The discords of our unredeemed humanity
That strike despair upon our mortal ears
Ascend on high; reaching celestial spheres
There is a change and a minor harmony
Of life's unlanguage'd pain is heard by thee.
Man's passion-blind and erring play
Are not to thee just what they say.
When thou translatest earthly hopes and fears
A prayer is oft in guilty deed.
We know thine eyes with sorrows bleed,
And thou can'st hear by sorrow's mystic art
The world's travailing pain as-prayers unto thy heart.

Around the iron guarded gate of death
Soon gather those that crowd the portal birth.
Broken, torn and sick and robbed of strength and mirth,
They come to yield up sorrow's burdened breath.
Each generation there this prayer hath solemn saith:
"Oh not for me! Oh not for me!
High kingdom of eternity!
By all I wished but found not here on earth,
By life and ruin, loss and pain,
By my immortal nature slain,
By all thou art and will be in thy day
For coming generations Oh haste! Oh haste, I pray!"

The church which thine own Christ has full redeemed;
The church which incarnates his personality,
Thoughts, passions, principles, immortality,
And the ripe fullness which the Father streamed
Into his empty form; that church has dreamed
With joy sublime of that far age
Which promise, power and grace engage
To build on earth for lost humanity,
That church doth groan; Oh deeply groan!
Oh is it not thy spirit's moan!
Can these deep sighs which issue from thy breast
Be lost in vanity nor ever find their rest?

Thy first descended sons of pure inspire
Whom thou hast sent from thy celestial clime
To hold the faith, and with glad songs to chime
The golden age feel thy prophetic fire
Within their hearts. Each gathers the desire
So scattered wide in man and thing
And unto thee their sorrows sing.
Sing on, Oh poet priests! Oh be not dumb
Unto this age of strife and gold!
Though they hear not nor ye behold,
With triumphant joy and deathless faith sum
Up the world's travailing cry: "Come! Come Oh kingdom!
Come!"

"Come! Come, Oh long delayed and golden age!
Age of the world's unlanguage'd deep desire!
Age of her travailing pain and the inspire
Of high victorious hours! Age that will gage
Itself by the awful curse and darkest page
Of earth's yet undeciphered heart.
Age of the poet's song! Age that art
The embodiment of all the higher
Visioned dreams which the celestial spheres
Have rained on pain and love and tears!
Age of divine purpose, fullness and employ,
From heaven, Oh descend and build on time's destroy!"

"Oh age bend down and lay thy passion'd heart
Upon the nurseless spirit of the earth!
Her long and wintry courses since her birth
Have frozen her forbidding the impart
That glorifies with thy celestial art.
Come! Kiss thy infant and caress,
And with thy warmth her spirit bless!
Thou crimson life! Thou pure maternal mirth!
Thou warm divine self-sacrifice!
Oh bid the earth's dead soul arise!
Then through her dense diseased material frame
Thy all renewing life will burst forth like a flame."

"Come thou! Rebuild earth's habitations
Where thy unselfish and celestial hosts
May dwell! The cities of our proudest boasts
Will form for them the underground foundations.
Thy peoples with imperial creations
Will build until they cities seem
A vision, an architectural dream,
Heaven itself upon our earthly coasts
With that magnificence no king
Has dared to dream. Thou art the spring.
Of wealth, of power, of beauty and delight,
And givest all thou art to purity and right."

'Touch thou the earth's unemancipated king,
And with the contact of thy immortal heart
Oh disenthral his spirit from the mart
Of selfishness! Oh let his manhood spring
From time's long travailing agonies, and wing
Unto the infinite ideal
Thou dost upon his eyes unseal!
Dethroned, plundered, profaned, enslaved, a part
Of groaning nature, unconscious,
And trampled down by beasts and sense
His hour of disenfranchisement be now,
And they investiture upon the morning's brow!"

"Thou hast the full resources for this life.
Thou canst destroy the hory iniquities
Bequeathed to us by the antiquities
Of crime. Some few leaders of this strife,
Some chiefs, some towers of self, thy lightning knife
Must blast and hurl into the dust
To stay time's swift contagious lust.
O'er the wide host thy soft benignities
And arching grace from heaven above,
As o'er the sick a mother's love,
Can smother down time's heritage of ill
And nurse out of the earth a race that thou dost fill."

"Thou canst destroy the infernal dogs of war,
And the politics of hell by which their
Course is constant driven. Panic with her bare
And hunger bitten hords would fly before,
And poverty be exiled from thy shore.
The theatre, brothel and saloon
Will break their long commune,
And sink with curse to each infernal lair.
Greed, strife, crime, sorrow and decay;
Ignorance, diseases and dismay;
All, all of sin, of selfishness and blight
Shall fly before thy face as darkness from the light."

"Come thou on earth with thy exhaustless heart!
Thou hast celestial and supremest powers.
Thou hast the azure and immortal dowers
Of sun-giving heaven. Thou hast and art
The spirit pure that in each angel flowers
To splendor, joy and purity.
The nature of divinity
Is thine alone and thou canst it impart.
Sow! Sow thy potencies of life
And from the very heart of strife
Another world with beauty and delight
With forth from chaos rise toward heaven's golden height."

"Come! Bring the royal institutes of state!
The high, supreme, majestic, honored laws;
And kin to these those reverential awes
Thy youth and age delight to contemplate
As we behold the statues of the great.
Virtue, justice, truth and righteousness,
Thy nations shall with splendor dress!
Faith, love, hope, joy, magnanimousness, applause,
Shall be the ornaments of gold
Each brow and heart shall then unfold.
Come! Come Oh state! What business, school and
home
Thy bases shall support, enkindle shall thy dome!"

"As thy institutions are above the past
Bring thou the man that is enthroned on them;
The man who is his throne and diadem,
And in whom the Infinite has glassed
His nature's passions. Oh bring him on the blast
And wreckage of this mortal kind!
Oh immortal heart and mind!
Spirit divine! the world's pinnacle! the gem
Of all creation! Oh mate
Of seraphim! Oh incarnate
Son of God! the hosts of eternity
Are bending from their thrones to look with joy on thee."

"Oh man divine who would not long for thee!
Thou crowning all art with devotion crowned,
And from devotion's heart riches supreme abound
As blessing from the azure purity.
Thy passions with the white intensity
Of love fills every welcome birth
Of thy uncrowded crowded earth.
Oh how the new created heavens resound
With universal harmony!
One redeemed humanity!
One human brotherhood! One family race!
One many passioned heart that one heart does embrace!"

"Come! Come Oh long delayed and golden age!
Age of all passions, purities and powers!
Age of all ideals and sublimest hours
Of execution! Oh age that will gage
The heightless height and boundless reach that cage
Themselves in frail humanity!
Oh age of immortality
Which the fountains of the infinite assuage!
Come! Oh rise on time's foundation stones
The splendors of thy everlasting thrones!
Come thou upon the morning's golden pinions
And round the feet of God build thou thy last dominions!"

OUR DAY.

A golden springtime morn,
With heart as light
As flowers that life adorn,
And just as bright.

The noonday's toil and strength
Is full of strife;
Toil, sin and grief at length
Wears out our life.

The sun sinks in the west;
The day doth cease;
Our hands from labor rest
With evening's peace.

All earth doth slumber now;
Stars throng the deep;
A prayer we breathe and bow;
And then we sleep.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When I was young! When I was young
I did not dream of grief.
Fear, strife and pain and discord's tongue
Were not in my belief.
Now I am old! Now I am old!
Where is the golden dream?
Where are the high romances rolled
Outshining summer's gleam?

LOST AND FOUND.

I fell beside the way of life,
Earth, sky and sea were glad;
And in my heart there was no joy
But sadness made most sad.
The sun of early days had set
And drawn his twilight curtain;
A dark, dark cloud was overhead,
A storm was made most certain.
My mind then turned to early days;
I wished some strange device
Could bear me to my childhood home,
My golden paradise.

I turned to trace my wayward steps
Along this golden cord,
When flashing in my very face
I saw a flaming sword,
My grief at this was so intense
My mind turned round and round,
Till I no more could bear the strain
And fell upon the ground.
I dreamt of paradise, and toward
It in my dream I crept;
When I awoke and found it dream,
I wept and wept and wept.

But as I wept the burning tears
Did purge my blinded sight;
And faintly far before there gleamed
Another golden light.
With streaming eyes and wounded feet,
And many a broken heart
I struggled on life's thorny way
To reach that gate apart.
I grew less proud and strong and swift,
And broken day by day,
The word I heard, the hand I took,
And learned again to pray.

So thus for years I travelled on
With paradise in view;
As I the truths of life did learn,
The more a child I grew.
When I the shining step did reach
Self's heart again was broke;
The flight of her last soul from mine
Was my last mortal stroke .
A little child I passed the gate,
Was fanned by balmy air,
The spirit of its life and love
Swept back my manhood care.

I bared my sore heart to the sun,
I drank away my fears,
I wandered round among the flowers,
And bathed them with my tears.
I went into a secret bower
With rose leaves newly strewed
That I might but relieve my heart
Of its full gratitude;
When I looked up I saw a face
That filled me with surprise;
It was the face of long ago
With new light in His eyes.

And memory then flashed on my mind
A truth with glory bossed;
I was again in paradise
The same as I had lost.

SONG AND SIGH.

When we are young! When we are young!
Our joy can grief defy;
So wild is gladness on our tongue
We sorrow for a sigh.
When we are old! When we are old!
And years upon us throng,
Amid the griefs around us rolled
We sorrow for a song.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

THE POET'S ADVICE.

Within my dreams the other night
I met a poet old;
A poet soul of lofty height
From realms of rhyme and gold;
Old Homer's brow was on his head,
Tense Dante in his heart,
And Milton on the lips that led
The high poetic art.

"I've looked for one for many a year;
For one whose soul could take
Out of the silence, deep and sphere
The truths that music wake.
A wealth of most immortal song
Rings round all, ever rings;
To kindred hearts amid the throng
With life's delight it springs."

"Thou art descended from a race
Of ancient kings of old;
The law of life and crowning grace
They to the world have told;
And I the father of that line
From yonder starry height,
Unfold the secrets most divine
And gird thee with our might."

"The old mythologies are dead;
New science takes its place;
A modern world has come instead;
Another runs the race;
Forget the ancient dreams and deeds;
The newer time renown;
Another race and nobler breeds
Oh spirit, clothe and crown."

"Delivered from the hoary past
Look straight unto the years;
The present is a spirit vast
To climb the newer spheres.
The here and now is broader base
As truth is more than dream;
Gives larger scope, asks better grace,
More passion, thought and gleam."

"The newer field is larger far,
A vaster sweeping plan;
Another glory rounds the star;
Far richer is the man;
The age is deep, intense and high;
Life marches right along;
Waits empty ear and straining eye
The singer and the song."

"But ere the soul a song can sing
The heart must burning love,
Just as before the harp can ring
The fire falls from above.
Love is the very soul of life,
The very soul of song;
E'en out of discord's harshest strife
She bringeth music strong."

Love is a fountain that to feed
 The infinite delights;
 Such overflow the rivers breed
 As reaches heaven's heights.
 And heaven itself, a world of song
 With singing souls aglow,
 Is love redeemed from earthly wrong
 And fed to overflow."

"Love has the farthest reach of thought;
 Rich passions glowing white;
 The truths that life has ever sought,
 And victory over night.
 Her eyes can read the central heart;
 Her hand can build the sky;
 The best equipment for thine art
 Is love divine and high."

"Then ever seek to live in love
 With man and bird and beast;
 With all divine enthroned above,
 All down unto the least.
 The very worm thy kindred is;
 Love through creation streams;
 Who lives in it, all things are his,
 All persons, deeds and dreams."

"Live close to nature's mother heart;
 Thy primal noblest nurse
 Will give her life, of which a part
 Is rhythmic passioned verse.
 Her very life flows into song;
 In music she delights;
 The singer mid this battling throng,
 She crowns him on the heights."

"The great in man is nature's great;
From her he comes and goes;
The one the many incarnate;
Some few she overflows.
Songs, songs are in her elements;
Song rounds the very curse;
Song reigns forever, ever hence
And nature is its nurse."

"Art lives an hour then life resigns.
Can nature e'er expire?
Who lives and writes from her, his lines
Shall feed the world's desire.
Oh mother this thy child baptize
In sun and earth and sea!
Within him live, so through him rise
Thy world soul's melody."

"Just as to nature to the home
Be strong and fierce and white;
Where e'er thy lightning wings shall roam
Return here with the night.
This sphere divine the heavens high
First planned and formed on earth;
Thou hast no poet's heart and eye
If blind unto its worth."

"Man's better self, the noble wife;
The children undefiled;
An atmosphere of saving life;
A garden mid the wild;
A woman's dream; a man's inspire;
A childhoods' refuge pure;
I tell thee soul, this primal fire
Has lived and shall endure."

"All human elements the best;
 All hopes and joys and dreams
 Are bursting here, and he is blest
 Who deeply drinks its streams.
 Here songs are rising from life's fount
 And unto heaven spring;
 Oh catch and fix them as they mount!
 And sing of home, Oh sing!"

"Out of the home the course of life
 Doth drive man to the field,
 The campus and the battle strife
 Of helmet, sword and shield;
 Disdain thou not the soldier's strain;
 The combatants and fight;
 Within that host and in a chain
 Life battles for her right."

"Though blindness, greed and death are there,
 Though man in madness slays,
 The singer and the saint must dare
 Time's forces, finds and plays.
 Surprise and grief and brutal scorn
 Shall trample, rend and fling;
 But other songs and saints are born
 That higher rise and sing."

"Then down among the fighting breeds!
 Grasp firm the ancient blade!
 The poet's arm has nations freed
 And empire bases laid.
 Life, soul and song themselves there find;
 Up scales diviner grow;
 Right to the front and for thy kind,
 Go singer! Forward go!"

"Yonder is Sinai's splintered peak;
White summit's there uncap
Deep thunder judgments; terrors speak
In many an awful clap.
Sin! Sin in lightning vengeance cursed,
Sin, death and hell are free,
Like monsters hungry and athirst
Swift chase and crunch on thee."

"Yonder is Calvary's famous mount;
Oh love! Oh love sublime!
Thy crimson crest and crimson fount
Still towers above all time!
The Father of the universe
Opens his heart of hearts;
And life and love upon the curse
In fulness free imparts."

"Yonder is Beulah's shining plain
Which golden splendors steep;
The pearly gates and heaven's strain
Across her bosom sweep;
The highest course upon the earth
With circles most divine,
There heaven itself in man has birth
And life is drunk with wine."

"Around and up these mountains three,
Clumb! Climb Oh singer! Climb!
Nought so can lend intensity
To magic, truth and rhyme.
The forces of the universe
Are all in focus there;
And most eternal music nurse
No time or space can wear."

"Into the mind, immortal mind,
Plant, plant the seeds of thought!
From sayings of the wise and kind
The harvest age is wrought.
Oh give the thinker living seed!
Give wheat's divinest kind!
No other can his spirit feed;
Plant, plant within the mind!"

"Strike human nature's feelings deep!
Straight home unto the heart!
Strike to the passions, they will keep
The fire that thou dost start!
Right through the vestments of all life,
Right through all tissues thick,
Through business, pleasure, pomp and strife,
Strike, strike them to the quick!"

"Lift up before the eyes of dream
The beautifuls of earth;
Upon their opening vision stream
The splendors round thy birth.
Feed fairy fancy's magic power;
The necromancy gift
Immortal makes the mortal hour,
And thou and them shall lift."

"Strike! Strike the moral nature strong!
Strike! Strike with lightning bolts!
The conscience mid this earthly wrong
Needs earthquake rending jolts.
A solar plexus punch on sin,
Oh strike and send him down!
Another man will rise within
And right his spirit crown."

"The poet is the uncrowned king ;
The giver of the law ;
The nurse that doth the ages bring
Of life and love and awe ;
Revealer of the true ideal,
Son of eternity,
Unto the truth I solemn seal
Oh faithful, faithful be !"

So sang the poet from the height
Unto my immost breast ;
His presence and his song of might
My being more than blessed.
He paused, and when I would have spoke
I saw him gently rise,
And watched the dying line that broke
Along the starry skies.

THE DREAM.

Dream ! Oh dream ! Oh living dream !
That upon our visions stream
Art thou real or only seem ?
Just an image, word or line,
With a breath of life divine,
And a robe of rainbow shine.
Just a fancy flimsy dressed,
Glimpse or gleam of something guessed
Vision, flash or brightness blest.
Neither flesh nor blood nor bone
Just the frailest phantom known,
Spirit by the zepher blown
Round the world to every zone.
But divine celestial thing
Thou dost live upon the wing,
And forever shine and sing.

Born within a poet's soul
When life's distant shining goal
On his lifted eye-balls roll.
From this chaos mind and sight
Brought thee from the void of night
Birth of beauty and delight.
In his heart as in a fire
He immersed thee, and thy sire
Gave thy heart his best desire;
Then thee kissed thy father nurse,
On thy lips he left a verse
Sweeter than the larks unpurse.
Smiled he beauty on thy face,
Like the shadow of that grace
Which his passions ever chase.

Spirit beautiful to sight!
Only feeling form and light
Yet a power in day and night.
Dwelling in the azure clime,
Sun or stary birth of time
Thou hast magic most sublime.
Shining in the morning hour,
Standing on the noonday tower,
Walking mid the twilight bower.
On the world's immortal heart
Like a bride in flowers thou art,
Dreams within the dreams that start.
Hope and joy and purity
Wisdom and her children free
See and love and follow thee.

Man though pompous, swift and proud
Passes like a flying cloud
Wrapped unconscious in his shroud.
All his works of fame and power
Follow him in just an hour
Down time's phantom shadowed bower,
Mountains crumble and decay,
Seas to vapor pass away,
Earth herself grows cold and gray.
Even suns of splendor bright
Empty in the void their light
And like cinders circle night.
All is passing or will pass
Like the figures in a glass
Worlds and men alas! alas!

But Oh dream thou canst not die!
Thy immortal heart and high
Defiest all beneath the sky.
Nature with her lightning knife
And her elemental strife
Cannot even touch thy life.
Can the blindness, grief and greed
Which to death this human feed
Prove contagious to thy breed?
Can the times that conquest flings
Over ages, empires, kings,
Vanquish thee on azure wings?
Far above all strife and time
Royal, princely, pure and prime,
Livest thou with life sublime.

Like an angel in the earth
 Beautiful as at her birth
 Radiant and benign in mirth,
 Thou art flying up and down
 And all beauties that thee crown
 Unveilest free to king and clown.
 Thy rich alabaster heart
 Breaks with passion to impart
 All that makes thee what thou art.
 Kisses sweet, celestial kisses;
 Blissess pure, unblighting blisses;
 And the love man ever misses.
 Heaven's height and matchless grace
 Shines upon thy glorious face
 Like an angel to our race.

Mother of these dreams divine,
 Thou dost on our spirits shine
 Till for higher love we pine.
 Thou dost light the heart and mind,
 And our nobler spirits find
 By the visions that us blind.
 Thou dost enter, lift and nurse
 The hope of this vast universe
 By thy face and heart's unpurse.
 Worlds within our world is built,
 Free from sorrow, fear and guilt,
 Where thou rulest as thou wilt.
 Thou dost fashion, form and crown
 With high heaven's royal gown,
 Virtue, beauty and renown.

Dream! Oh dream! Oh living dream
That upon our visions stream,
Shine! Oh shine in brighter gleam!
Surely thou art from the heart
Whence divinest things all start,
Just a smile from Him thou art,
Falling on these sightless eyes,
Who but mounteth to the skies;
By the passions pure that rise?
Onward! Onward we are led
Where the dream and deed are wed,
And with love forever fed.
Still upon our visions gleam
Like the face from whence ye stream!
Dream! Oh dream! Oh living dream!

TIME'S IMMORTAL.

I asked in thunder tones:
"Skies, mountains, forests, streams,
Man, beast and bird and stones,
Schools, cities, temples, dreams:
From this eternal change,
This endless flowing tide,
Of all the world we range
What longest shall abide?"

'The most immortal thing
That rises in the earth,
Is song upon the wing
With sorrow mothered mirth.
Rich passions in its heart,
Ripe beauty on its face,
How can it e'er depart
With things of time and place?"

"Deep planted in our tears,
 Forever on the sight,
 Sweet ringing in our ears,
 And shining on our night;
 More present after strife,
 Still young when we are old,
 A fountain heart of life
 When all our tales are told."

"Time's splendors, pomp and power
 Of pinnacle and dome,
 Time's hunger will devour
 Like Egypt, Greece and Rome,
 But song with passion's glow
 Sweet, simple, bright and free
 Will live and with us go
 To all eternity."

THE GOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

A spirit new ascended to the earth
 With nature vast and superhuman dower,
 To breathe her life into each coming birth
 That should arise to rule the passing hour.
 Her passions and her world creating power
 Was more than mortal, and so the mortal frame
 Beneath the gifts and graces she did shower
 Was vitalized as with the strength of flame,
 And even round the flesh was something of the same.

Her generation came straight from her heart,
 And her torrential life swept through each vein
 Until the vestiture in every part
 Was tensioned with a spirit's growing pain.
 From such a life unto the lightning brain
 Her visions bright with promised splendors leap
 And build themselves upon the springtime plain;
 Or bosom rich the future's rugged steep,
 Most scornful of the past that round lies buried deep.

Since vital dreams when wedded to a hand
Is mother of the high heroic deed,
They quick transform and populate the land
To harmonize and supplement their need.
Mighty cities, palaces, towers, parks, speed-
Trains and autos, wireless phones, electric lights,
Air navigations and all arts that feed
The mind and ear and beauty's raptured sights,
All, all around them spring or shine upon the heights.

But man must have a God. No change or power
That sense can smother long. Earth's central fire
Is hidden deep, and often for an hour
Seems to have lost her ancient fierce desire.
But soon the dead volcano throats expire
Their elemental essences; so conscience
Slumbers for a time, but her celestial ire
Will rise again, but focused more intense
Will sudden burst and burn their darkened calloused sense.

Thus and not thus when that apostate race
Forgot the pilgrim and ancestral God
Of holiness and high redeeming grace.
When strength and wealth and pride were strange un-
awed
Before the living God, the Life that lawed
The universe, that void most undivine
And vast was felt so ill, hosts did applaud
An image new that from the heights did shine
With all their hearts could wish to meet the restless pine.

A most gigantic human god of gold
Was dreamed for them, and its material brought
From sea, mountain, desert isle, poison hold
And frozen river. All the earth was sought
For full ten thousand men whose gifts had wrought
The world famed statuary. They soon were found
And for their task were still more highly taught
By the wide multitude whose daily sound,
"Oh give us such a god as this!" did on their spirits bound.

Both night and day for near a score of years
They toiled and it was done. Nine solid squares
In Chicago's surging heart quick disappears
For temple space, and the earth's deep rock unbares
For its foundations. The surrounding wall wears
The panels and reliefs of genius, and are enscrolled
With noblest imagery. Vast labor bears
The image hence: inventions most untold
Erect upon its base this latest god of gold.

Behold! Behold the monumental god!
Where are the gods the pagans hewed from stone
And raised before the conscience darkly awed?
In all the world is there a classic throne
Of adoration that has ever known
The faintest sign of this transcendent reach?
All, all are mocked by the majesty here shown,
And disenthroned forever from our speech;
From life's celestial heights that wake, inspire and teach.

The hoary forms of ancient superstition,
Chiseled from the solid mountains, in a mass
Would make for this but merest base position.
Nebuchadnezzar's image though it pass
In pomp before time's magnifying glass
Were but a toy or as a faint forecast
Of this idolatry. The images that would class
Men as divine are here together clasped,
United all in one, forever unsurpassed.

Above the all surrounding mass it towered,
And dwindled into insignificance
The office structures wealth has reared and dowered.
Against the azure sky it strikes the sense,
As a wearied traveler through a dense
And tangled wilderness from a hill beholds
That massive dome from yonder city whence
His heart is pressing; the image so embolds
The skyscape and the works that man around it folds.

The pedestal did fill that ample court.
Round its feet were giant images of art.
Its head reached unto heaven and looked athwart
The hemisphere. The rampart breasted parts
Were most symmetrical and filled the heart's
Desire for form. The draperied loins seemed trees
On California mountains, with arm out-starts
From massive trunk to catch the thunder breeze.
It seemed like nature's work, like land and rocks and seas.

Her right hand held the scepter of the earth
As if long shafts of swift effulgent light,
Like those that from the thunder clouds have birth,
Were sudden grasped as in a fist of might
Omnipotent. Its oblique line was white
Across the day; and a diamond had been set
Upon its point as if the dome of night
Had into one her starry natures let,
And that one glorious star its place appointed met.

Her left hand held aloft a globe that met
The day with incense that the senses steal
On high to where its purple curtains fret
The azure arch, and richest perfumes deal
Their sweetness on the earth. A vast appeal
That outstretched arm and lifted face assume
Before the day, and a more magnificence unseal
Unto the night, for electric lights illumine
That perfect godlike form and pierce the farthest gloom.

Every member of that gigantic frame
Was lined and tensioned to the fine repose
Of strength and majesty. It seemed the flame
Of life was there, and the intensest glows
Of elemental nature, and the flows
Of its unimpeded fulness had thrown
All to a fine expression. Each muscle shows
The master power the passions ever loan,
All bursting with the might that must have overflowed.

But, Oh that face! That countenance of power!
That expression of a mighty nation's
Full united life in its supremest hour!
Oh the embodiment of elations,
Energies, purposes, inspirations,
Ambitions and devotions! Oh the lines
Of proudest consciousness, exaltations,
Supremest powers and selfish vast designs!
All, all are written there with something still that pines.

The brow was circled with the lightning lances
Of rarest diamond; the elemental light
Of sun-kissed jewels did crown the upward glances
Of mankind. The bosom was bedight
With famous plates, on which each state was bright
In high symbolic sign. The robe of kings,
Like flowing liquid gold upon the sight
Swept to the earth like mighty folded wings,
And even round the feet were jeweled flashing rings.

From base to crown it was a mass of bright
And burnished splendors. The golden sun divine
Poured in full streams his radiancy of light
Upon that head and every mirrored sign
Dazzled the eyes. Its brightness did outshine
All human strength. To look at it was like
Looking at the sun with unprotected eyne
Its effulgence did a blindness instant strike,
And bowed man to the earth as stricken by a pike.

Upon that proud imperial countenance
And all around was far more than the might
Of human nature. Such images of sense,
Like the poetic natures of delight,
Power, majesty and beauty, as their right
Soul atmospheres create; so this creates
An atmosphere around her presence bright,
That reaches to the farthest boundary states,
And feeds each coming birth in all their loves and hates.

Often, often the culminating hour
Of high heroic action doth vitalize
The mortal frame with superhuman dower
Until the transcendental energize
Is uncontainable. The imperial eyes,
Commanding front and every muscled sign
Doth overflow, and in the hosts arise
New senses from a presence so divine;
Some portions of his life all other lives enshrine.

So was it then: the image filled the coasts
And her delighted worshippers arose
To pay allegiance in most unbounded boasts.
There was thunder sounding acclamations, and those
Spectaculars the sense forever throws
Round its divinity. Its celebration
Gathered all the earth, and in that small enclose
Was focused fixed the interest of the nation,
And their full life expressed as well became their station.

The president and senators in white,
The judges and the governors of state
Were there, and most conspicuous in sight
From dais-thrones and draperies ornate.
The merchant prince and commerce kings of weight
Were honored high, for they the chief expense
Had gladly borne. It did rejoice them great
To see all ranks with pleasure most intense
So gather to the god that rules the nation hence.

The army and the navy flashing bright,
With shining swords and uniforms that gleam;
Representatives and chancellors bedight
As one would dress the figures in a dream;
The beautiful and fashionhoods supreme;
All honor, pride, power, dignity, renown,
With the rabble close behind them in a stream
Approach the shrine and prostrate cast them down
Before the god that now they most supremely crown.

Upon their face in solemn silence deep,
 As soul must be when it with God doth meet,
 An allegiance oath whose obligations sweep
 All space and time each spirit doth repeat.
 The universe has but one kingly seat
 To which appeal and vacancy invite
 By golden steps the now ascending feet.
 Silent, alone, intense, inflamed and bright,
 The spirits bowed but see the God in golden light.

Then they arose and in processional
 Array did rearrange the votive line;
 In oft advancement or recessional
 They pledge anew and all to her resign.
 From silken jeweled banners bright did shine
 Most high ascriptions, and float unto the wind
 The rich emblazonery. Soon they combine
 In solid squares through which a path is lined,
 And every bannered fold to chosen hands consigned.

A hundred daughters of ancestral name,
 The chosen virgins of the god and shrine,
 Far whiter than the snows of mountain fame,
 Took firm the staffs and with a step divine
 Approached the front, and waved in crescent line
 The richest flags that ever saw the light.
 Anon they cease and the flowing banners twine
 Around the base. Then blushing crimson bright,
 The consecrating priest anoints them in all sight.

Bandmasters and their instrumentalists
 Of national repute seemed everywhere,
 And poured the march of proud returning conquests
 Or breathed the soft pianissimos of prayer.
 The chorus bands in spotless raiment fair,
 With fervent heart and gesture of appeal
 That music strong unto the heights did bear,
 Until the host look up or sudden kneel
 Before the passionate praise that maketh so to feel.

Circling once more the oath again is paid

By that great host that all together fall;

Heart, mind and will, faith, life and all are laid

Down at her feet as thus they on her call:

"Oh God of gods! Oh God enthroned o'er all

The earth and crowned the most supreme forever!

Thy splendors and thy majesty enthrall

Our hearts, which naught from thine will dare to
sever,

For thou hast blessed and still will bless our best endeavour."

"Thy benediction has been on our toil,

And thy benignant gift above our thought

Has blessed our work in mountain, sea and soil.

Where'er the mind and faithful hand has wrought

Success and wealth crown all; and thou hast fraught

With more than these, for thy own heart's inspire

Has fed the soul and subtler wisdom taught,

Until the heart cannot contain desire

But after thee has gone as life unto the fire."

"Thy fame be spread on earth and sea and sky;

Thy blessing on the men that honor thee;

Thy frown upon thy rival throned on high;

Thy curse on those that unreceptive be;

Thy welcome to the islands of the sea

Who come from far to worship or behold

Thy splendors. Thy richest dispensations free

On them, until to all the earth is told,

Thy majesty and power, dominion and uphold."

"The States that breast the fierce Atlantic shocks,

And those that bound the soft Pacific sea,

With that maternal plain that ever rocks

The hope of life are loyal unto thee:

The White House and the lowest hut of this free

Nation and the hearts within will entertain

Thy image on the thrones that vacant be.

Reign! Reign Oh God! Oh God forever reign!

And bless all worshippers who sing and love the strain."

Such service o'er they took two mighty casts
 And set them up at each extremest gate;
 At New York and San Francisco, the fasts
 Of east and western life, they sit in state
 Most reverent and supreme. The multitudes elate
 With bread and clothes prosperity still crowd
 Around the shrine with acclamations great;
 Or prostrate fall with adoration bowed,
 And there upon the face the vows of life are vowed.

Now smaller images for every town
 And city square are scattered far and wide,
 So that the idol and her splendors crown
 Each market place wherever men abide.
 No haunt of men the hills or valleys hide
 But she is there and circled daily round.
 The image and the services allied
 The inmost heart within the heart has found,
 Till she as high without within the soul is crowned.

Still smaller yet are millions multiplied
 And its religious craft both day and night
 Are overwrought before the unsupplied
 Desire for casts. The idol shining bright
 Has found a place of honor and delight
 With every social rank. Her huge demand
 Has opened marts and doth the shelves bedight
 With every touch of wisest artist hand,
 Or plainer common moulds for toilers of the land.

Great men of wealth whose deeds did most dethrone
 The living God most massive temples build
 For her; and men far worse but famous known
 For knowledge, from all the earth are tilled
 For her high priests, and they are found and willed
 To teach the heart of coming generations,
 Though all they teach but the best to be instilled,
 The primal universal heart pulsations,
 Love, justice, truth and faith, the very life of nations.

The ministry ordained to teach the truth
Of life, conscious or unconsciously have nooks
For precious casts, till judgment, right and ruth
Are clean suppressed before the golden looks
Descending from the niche amid his books.
That image from her high exalted tower
Has an impassioned fierceness that never brooks
The thought, pen or utterance of the power
That speaks from Life and Love unto the mortal hour.

The parenthood that should enthrone the good
Within the first home temple of the earth,
Oh how they choose the gods which they would
Place before the eyes of their own being's birth!
Behold their type of life's supremest worth,
Sought and found for the first and last allegiance
Of their immortal offspring! Behold the sight!
Hosts of idols! doubt, purchase, bearing hence,
Then lifting in the home before first opening sense.

The hope, the one hope of the nation's last
Deliverance seems gone. The vestal virgins mate
With it and earth's noblest temple has unclasped
And throned the thing o'er her divine estate
Of maiden, wife and mother. Low and prostrate
On her face her prayers and vows are told
Each night, till being's deep desires create
A host of dreams all clad in shining gold
Upon her heart and mind and grow because untold.

And so the god is high enthroned in empire
O'er the nation. From her towering height supreme
She spreads the scepter that ever rains inspire
On city, state and union. A glorious gleam
Straight from her heart kindles the brightest dream
Of platform, press and politics. She feeds
The hosts and mingles her own life with stream
And air and field, and all our loves and greeds,
And like the god men serve in them her image breeds.

She is the inspiration and the nurse
 Of unbelief, that sin so universal
 That wise professors know not it is the curse—
 The unadulterated extracts—the fell
 And uncompounded spirits and the quintessential
 And infinitely prolific nature
 Of all sin; this sin, the first born curse of hell,
 With all the train that follow her most sure,
 She plants within the heart and thus would kill the pure.

The greatest things a nation brings to birth
 Are incarnations from the celestial spheres;
 With such a gift the poorest state on earth
 Can empires rule through widest stretch of years.
 The supremacies of thought and love and tears
 In ever rising dynasties sublime,
 Must ever rule this world of hopes and fears;
 Theirs is the sovereign mastery o'er time
 Although like all that rule they suffer to their prime.

But this new god doth seek to swift devour
 These most immortal births: the divine births
 Of conscience with the high endower
 Of ancient priests and prophets, the new born mirths
 Of the great nurse of life's poetic arts and worths
 Of heaven, the infants that entangle
 With new hope the travailing heart of the earth's
 Long sorrow she ever seeks to strangle,
 Or binds them in her chains as slaves that round her dangle.

All domestic virtue, all supernal
 Intuition, all moral aspiration,
 The infinite ideal, and the eternal
 Personality that we station
 Before, above, behind and through creation,
 Are loud blasphemed when ever they may greet
 This spirit new enthroned within the nation;
 The living God and God in man is meet
 But to be trampled down neath her foundation feet.

But yet her strong expansive spirit teems
In man, and though they created her she
More createth them. Her unarterial streams,
Dark laden with death's unvitality
Flows to each heart to wake and feed the me
Of life's diseased consuming selfishness.
Her spirit breeds within the nation the
Most unmoral types, although she dress
The foul deformities in splendors of excess.

She touches man and all their mighty forces
With hunger feed upon her golden themes.
Her magic hand opes nature's hid resources
And shows them vast beyond all fondest dreams,
With world surprise, invention clad in beams
Of splendor like the sun, brings forth to birth
A progeny enrobed in her own gleams;
The births she brings out of this common earth,
Are golden to the heart as golden to the girth.

Man's works beneath the dreams of her inspire
Are of a most gigantic character.
Chaotic earth is grasped with fierce desire
And her blind impediments administer
All cosmic power and skill, and rich confer
The fabled gift of touching all to gold.
Gold is their god, their very life, their spur
Of action, their sunlike visions bold,
Their heaven supreme above and all that it doth hold.

The heightless height and boundless reach of powers
Designed to climb the courses of the night
And throne themselves beyond the sun's endowers
Now find the end and the supremest height
Of their impassioned fulness in the right
Of transitory ownership o'er wealth;
Such ownership secured in heaven's sight
By vast injustice, falsehood, acts of stealth,
Assassin midnight blows and murders upon health.

And the inhumanity of selfishness
 Is sore intensified, and in the strife
 This new enthroned inspires, Oh what distress
 And awful sacrifice of human life!
 Souls, living souls, husband and child and wife
 Are slaughtered here; right here before the fane.
 Our strength is armed as with a butcher's knife.
 And Oh for what? for this mad thirst of gain,
 The brotherhood for this and their own souls are slain.

The weak and poor are daily trampled here;
 The sons of God must form her sacrifice;
 They daily die upon her bloody bier
 Just at her feet with ghastly unclosed eyes,
 And who will weep and follow them with sighs?
 Even the victims seem to have no tears
 Or sense divine that far above it rise
 Unto the God or powers that rule the spheres,
 But like the brutes, plain common brutes they die along the
 years.

And their extreme oppressors, Oh behold!
 Position, wealth, intelligence and power
 And almost all the human heart can hold;
 All, all they have, supremacy, endower,
 Opportunity and enterprising hour
 Is all for self, and for some selfish end
 The human race they heartless do devour.
 Behold the ideal the heavens unbefriend!
 Which is the best and worst what it doth make or rend?

She also feeds the deadliest desire
 That ever enters, fills and rules the soul
 Of man, the wish for pleasures; for pleasures mire
 In every earthly foolishness the goal
 Which the Eternal One has set to pole
 The finite and unto heaven lead.
 This one desire has in its heart the whole
 Of hell, and all that hell can ever breed
 Is in this single sin and soon will be unfreed.

This deep desire all wealth doth certain find
And nourishes to strength. The multitude
Enchanted seems, and stricken deaf and blind
See but the gold and phantom pleasures strewed
Along the way. This passion unsubdued
Appalls the wisest minds as they behold
This business craft with being dark imbrued
Seek to create and in youth to unfold
Life's first and strong rebound to pleasures new and bold.

Though earth's last need are pleasure's light buffoons
They are the first and growing want, and thence
The people flock to see and feel the last baboon's
Convulsive laughter. The patronage is dense
Round lustful shows and dangers so intense
They thrill the nerves and hold the senses mute.
Though this desire slays every godlike sense
And sinks man down, down, down below the brute,
This god feeds this desire and nurses forth the fruit.

Life's best pleasure and swift destroying blight
Is sexual sensuality; and this
The chosen god in fierce unbridled might
Feeds into man, till cinerating blasphemies
Arise against the azure purities
Of life and love and slave to fleshly mirth
These high and solemn immortalities.
Ten thousand souls: Is there a single birth
Not born from sensuous lust by motives above earth?

This cancer is upon the nation's heart
The one disease from which most others swell.
Its vile contagious sight and sounds impart
Unto the air the potency of hell.
The blasting curse with swift destructions fell
Before us strike the very hopes of life
With loss and grief that will for ages well.
It strikes the home, husband and child and wife,
And marriage often seems with its fruitions rife.

This god of gold has ever pampered lust
 And shameless is the chiefest pimp of shame
 What steaming beds of sensuality must
 Wealth and fashion dark curtain with her name?
 Right in her court, before her brows of fame
 What infinite degradation! What dragons
 Of naked and enfrenzied passion! What flame
 Of hell inspires night's prostitution pens
 And makes a city's heart at night but dragon fested dens!

Every vice grows up beneath her worship,
 And twine themselves around this ruling three.
 Is not earth hell when e'er the veil we strip
 From pleasure, greed and sensuality?
 This masquerading and infernal trinity
 Are the chief high priests of life, and minister
 To the nation, as all may plainly see,
 What is their meat and drink; yet more from her
 They draw the deadly life that does their being stir.

Thou usurping and embodied inspiration
 From the monarchy of long rebellious ills,
 Thou art but another incarnation
 Of the lost archangel's kingdom! How fills
 The earth with such presentations as stills
 The wisest minds with fear! What dark portents
 And evolutions of the self in wills
 Of demoniac domination! What intense
 And internecine strifes thou nursest now and hence!

Even now thou dost divide the nation
 A mighty cleavage drives far apart
 Thy worshippers. Dreams of drunken agitation
 Spring from the starved and satiated heart,
 And fly with bloody wings into thy mart
 Of selfishness. Thou mother of the curse!
 Thou nurse of tyrants and rebellion! thou art
 The spirit self that poles the universe;
 Extreme to life and love and all that they impurse.

Oh God! Thou God of this vast universe!
Thou living God, the azure summit's crown!
Thou God of power and that tremendous curse
Which holiness so often raineth down,
In lightning indignation with the frown
That turneth noonday into night, on the dense
And blind idolatries of earth! Oh gown
Thyself with zeal! Thy sword omnipotence
Oh gird upon thy thigh, and this nation's god of sense

Oh strike! Strike the blaspheming emanation
From the unlocked pit! This self-centering curse
Upon Thy highest image of creation,
Strike with the power of all the universe
Of life! With one beheading stroke that doth impurse
All promised judgments, Oh decapitate
This heaven defying idolatry and nurse
It to the dust! Oh! right here before the state,
Right in the midst of all their acclamations great

With one electric, lightning, melting shock
Divide, dismember and dissolve this mass
As if it were some giant mountain oak
Consumed from earth; or pulverized as glass
Oh drive it down into the night's crevasse
Before the lightnings of Thy burning eyes!
Before the eternal generations pass,
Right now as it defies the azure skies,
Right here and now, Oh God in judgment power arise

And strike! Oh strike with thine omnipotence
This earth-born god that dares thee to thy face!
This thing made out of blind material dense
And making brutes of the immortal race,
Strike! Oh strike the fascinating grace!
And it destroy before our mortal eyes,
Its image from the mirrors we embrace,
Its reverence from the heart that underlies,
And memory from the young as it is from the skies.

Oh God! Thou living God of life and light,
 Of infinite unspotted holiness,
 Of the inflexibility of right
 And all the tenderness that can possess
 The mother of humanity! Oh press
 Clean through time sensuousness and rise
 In sublimest majesty upon the height
 Of azure purity; that earthly eyes
 May blind be struck and quake before thy energize.

Oh God arise! that humanity may see
 That in this vast universe Thou art
 As if alone Thou wert; as if only Thee.
 And that holiness that lightning-like doth dart
 Against all sin out of Thy glowing heart.
 Oh dwindle to the very dust from whence
 They sprung the vast establishment of mart!
 By Thy exaltation and reverence
 To the moral powers of man's divine existence.

Be Thou enthroned on conscience cleansed divine
 And at an infinite exalted height
 Beyond the splendors the archangels shine,
 But near and real though lost amid the light.
 Man's spirit is a spacious boundless might,
 Fashioned upon Thine own infinity,
 And only Thou canst it redeem, bedight,
 And fill it with life's passions pure and free,
 And lift it on its course to fellowship with Thee.

Oh be enthroned! Forever throned supreme
 O'er conscience and the moral being strong!
 Heart, mind and will, hope, joy and faith and dream,
 The man himself and being's mighty throng
 Before Thee bow in silence or in song.
 Descending from heaven's wide portality
 Oh Thou, the earth's salvation from all wrong,
 Now lend to him Thy infinite reality
 And lift and crown his course with starry immortality.

TO THE MUSICIAN.

Oh play! Oh play! Oh play!
That sound, Oh that sound and its soul repeat!
For my spirits gray
Leapeth up from sleep to the music sweet.
'Tis an angel sent from the azure skies
With a magic gift that doth vitalize
The dead and divine that within me lies.

Oh play! Oh play! Oh play!
That measure and passion and power divine
Has a mighty sway
From the unseen worlds where immortals shine.
It falls on my heart that is frozen dead
By the sin and sorrow our life has fed
Until I arise and the trance is fled.

Repeat! Repeat! Repeat!
For out of the cold, the darkness and death,
At thy murmurs sweet
I arise to life with immortal breath.
Is it life or death or a world of dream
Flows into my heart like a mountain stream
Of beauty and blessing and boundless teem?

Repeat! Repeat! Repeat!
For the springtide sun, it is soft and bright
And around my feet
Are the bursting flowers in their rainbow light.
Now the grass is green and the skies are blue,
Now the winds are sweet and the streams like dew,
Now the heavens and earth are created new.

Again! Again! Again!
 For upon the scales as on golden wings,
 Far beyond our ken
 I mount to the plane where the prophet sings,
 How divine are the powers that can disenrobe
 And make for the eyes an immortal globe
 With a spirit and form no sense can probe.

Again! Again! Again!
 For thy nature breeds in the bounding heart
 What the poet's pen
 Can only in symbol or word impart.
 There are women as fair as the morning light,
 And men as pure as the mountain's height,
 And children at sport in my joyful sight.

Oh play! Oh play! Oh play!
 That power and passion and vision divine
 Give a lasting sway
 And build them up to the prophet's line.
 Still higher and high let the spirit rise
 Till the heart and mind and beholding eyes
 Are wed to the loves in the azure skies.

Oh play! Oh play! Oh play!
 For music and love they are both akin
 And upon their way
 O'er the world, the deeds and disease of sin.
 Play on to the victory of righteousness!
 Play on to the worlds unto which we press!
 Play on to the dreams that our visions bless!

SONG OF THE ART CRITIC.

Another course has just begun,
Another soul doth rise
To orbit round a golden sun
Before our mortal eyes.
Oh is it genius' sacred sign
For yon celestial chart?
A culture, taste and sense divine,
A hope and heir of art?

All things that come most yield to test,
For mingle false and true;
And oft the worst is honored best
Because it's only new.
Dare judgment now desert her throne
Or from her right depart?
For human good she must make known
The true and false in art.

Here is a piece of workmanship;
I like it, I confess;
Both spirit when the robes I strip
And priestly kingly dress.
Its small defects are very few;
I praise the better part.
But "like" or "praise" unto the new
Is oft where is no art.

It is with heavy burden frought,
As truth itself might sing;
Or sent by her and to us taught
By some old poet king.
It is a life; a spirit mould;
A space for mind and heart;
An orbit where we hence are rolled;
But is "Truth" always art?

The thought is noble, pure and strong;
 It lifts our moral state;
 Engirdeth right, unarmors wrong;
 And thrones us with the great.
 Our best ideals: behold them there!
 This impulse will impart.
 Oh may all reach their station fair!
 But is "Good" always art.

There's passion here and living fire,
 It wakes the senses dead;
 Its ardor and intense desire
 Brings back our spirits fled.
 Contageous, elemental, white,
 Its lightnings through us dart,
 To tear the slumbers from our night;
 But yet it is not art.

There's beauty here for happy youth;
 Ripe beauty for old age;
 Sublimities for granite truth;
 Solemnities for sage.
 Since beauty never can decline
 Though all asunder start,
 This work must shine, still brighter shine;
 But Oh! * It is not art!

This music new and sweet and strong
 Doth captivate our ear,
 As if a seraph passed along
 And echoed full her sphere.
 Each note is full, round and intense
 As stars upon the chart.
 'Tis life on life's discordant sense;
 But Oh! It is not art!

*Increasingly hysterical.

'Tis most original and new,
And fresh as ever spring;
Like rain to flowers or night to dew,
Or balm to sorrow's sting;
It strikes my being through and through,
It gives another heart.
Each time I read it grows more new;
But Oh! Oh! It is not art!

There's nought above the golden noon,
There's nought beneath the night,
There's nought between the sun and moon
So kindles my delight.
All that I have, can do or dream,
For this I'd gladly bart;
I hold it at a price supreme;
But Oh! Oh! Oh! It is not art!

Art is the thing, the most divine
In heaven above or earth;
Of all that breathe or sing or shine,
Has had, or will have birth.
She lives in self without an aim;
Has all within her heart;
The perfect which we cannot name;
This, this alone is art.

A POET'S LAMENT.

Oh my celestial births of joy!
My sorrow, loss and pain!
The music, passion and employ
Out of my heart and brain!
Oh azure daughters, sons of fire!
Weep round your broken hearted sire!

Oh my divine begotten race!
 My royal blooded births!
 My progeny of lightning grace
 And spirit wingéd mirths!
 Ideals, hopes and truths sublime
 From you celestial realms of rhyme!

Old Homer's blood and Virgil's grace,
 Dante's intensity,
 The breath of Milton's singing race
 Is breathing now in ye!
 Is glowing in each pulsing vein
 Though in another style and strain.

But though ye are high heaven's sons
 And virgins most divine,
 On such descent forever runs
 The serpent's dark design.
 'Tis whispered now that though ye fly
 Ye to the earth must come and die.

Oh never think to mount the sky!
 Oh never dream of thrones!
 Oh weep! Oh weep! and let each eye
 Be drowned in its moans!
 The hopes of your immortal fires
 Must be as light-flies in the mires.

The ladies of the avenue,
 Gents of the street and hall,
 The papers and the critic's crew
 Against you loudly call;
 Because to them I fall not down
 On you my own they deadly frown.

The old and milkless withered cows,
Young romping heifers wild,
And brainless calves and all that browse
Where clover has beguiled,
Have jumped the breach and fearing me,
They vent their angry spleen on ye.

Oh what a loud hysteric bawl
They sound to ye on high!
Do ye not tremble lest ye fall
Upon their lance-like eye!
Do ye not tremble on the height
And fear before such loud affright!

But more than these the fat-blind steers,
The fat-blind steers unfew,
That bull-like in the herd appears
That follows them so true;
The fat-blind steers bowing their horns
Would pitch ye high with bellowing scorns.

Behold those mad and switching tails!
Oh! if you they should strike,
Their anger hot that never fails
As slaughtered flies you like.
How glad to battle I would go
But bulls like these want ye for foe.

Though now upon the azure height,
I weep, I weep for ye!
My first and last and best delight.
Born of eternity!
Oh must ye lie down in the dust
As falsehood, hunger, greed and lust!

Why were ye born for such a fate!
 My tears forever flow!
 Oh progeny from life's estate
 In exile must ye go!
 From palaces of ancient kings
 Now wander forth as beggared things!

But go ye forth. The mortal years
 Oh breast with strength divine!
 Let cows and heifers, calves and steers
 Loud bellow, paw and pine!
 Upon the azure height shall ye
 Live ever loving, wise and free.

A NATIONAL SONG.

Tune: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Oh Union, the first of the nations!
 Oh States joined with freedom as king!
 As mountains are strong in their stations
 Around Thee we stand and will sing.
 Thy states be forever united!
 No star from its splendor e'er pale!
 Each sister unblighting, unblighted!
 Hail! Hail Mighty Union Oh Hail!
 Hail! Hail! Mighty Union Oh Hail!
 The states of our birth, strength and pride!
 Each state and the Union forever!
 Hail! Hail through all time and all tide!

The pilgrims, their sons and their daughters,
With liberty, faith, God and hope,
Bold steered through the untraveled waters
To build on this rock frowning slope.
They conquered with nature's wild passion;
An empire with virtue did sow;
To their spirit and high kingly fashion
Grow! Grow Mighty Union Oh Grow!
Grow! Grow! Mighty Union Oh Grow!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!
Each state and the Union forever!
Grow! Grow through all time and all tide!

When the mother became the oppressor
And gave us the sword not the shield,
A Washington rose the redresser,
His name on thy forehead is sealed.
When slavery again shook the nation,
And trembled each pillar and arch,
A Lincoln restored thee to station,
March! March Mighty Union Oh March!
March! March! Mighty Union Oh March!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!
Each state and the Union forever!
March! March through all time and all tide!

Thy brow be encircled with glory!
Thy heart filled with faith, love and truth!
Thy fame be embalmed in our story
By manhood, by age and by youth!
A Wisdom! A Power! A Defender!
A Wealth giving nations thy gain!
A Virtue! An Honor! A Splendor!
Reign! Reign Mighty Union Oh Reign!
Reign! Reign! Mighty Union Oh Reign!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!
Each state and the Union forever!
Reign! Reign through all time and all tide!

THE FIFTH STRING.

When first the violin was strung
 To echo forth the heart,
 The cords were on her bosom flung
 With most imperfect art;
 For sometimes there were three or five
 And sometimes they were seven;
 And thus the infant art did strive
 To reach unto her heaven.

At length she hit the happy four:
 G, D and A and E.
 From that glad hour her spirit more
 Unfoldeth strong and free.
 Since then the violin has sway
 In concert or alone;
 She leads, the instruments obey;
 She grows as she has grown.

But some have dreamed another string,
 A fifth string that is blessed;
 Placed just between the four that sing
 Or deep within her breast.
 It has been called by magic names
 Of more than magic dowers.
 Who it possess will reach the aims
 Of his immortal hours.

Some call it passion's purest glow
 Filling the mortal heart;
 When tensioned feelings overflow
 There must be noble art.
 And others name it constant toil
 With labor day and night,
 For work can conquer what doth foil
 Musician's best delight.

Still others christen it inspire
From yonder silver sphere,
Whose echoes from that lyric choir
Make our best music here.
But deeper souls will sorrow name,
For sorrow sanctified
Is mother of the sweetest strain
In earthly time and tide.

Yet others call it happiness;
And some would name it truth,
And others call it age no less
Than those who call it youth.
But we will call it by the name
First borrowed from above,
And lifting all to whence it came:
'Tis love! Divinest love!

A love celestial and divine,
Of heaven and of earth,
To all that breathe or sing or shine,
To all of grief and mirth;
A love to all that is create,
To person, beast and thing,
Doth with her passions palpitate
This magic mentioned string.

The place of this prophetic string
Is not within her breast;
And not between the four that sing,
But where the few have guessed.
'Tis deep within the player's heart
Where God and creature meet;
So all the riches he doth start
Must through her being beat.

All that the violin can shake,
 All that can move the soul,
 First from the infinite must break
 And merely through us roll.
 And if this fifth doth cross the heart
 And life's first entrance string,
 Oh will there not be more than art!
 And more than passion's ring!

Oh noble G! Oh noble G!
 Oh sorrow's sonorous sound!
 When this string gives her life to thee,
 The griefs that here abound
 Can never poison nor destroy,
 Or ever fully drowned
 The peace and strength and fountain joy
 That sorrow's soul has found.

Oh manly D! Oh manly D!
 Thou art the string of life:
 And needest love to dwell in thee
 To sanctify the strife.
 The granite strength and iron strain,
 Life's hunger, need and dross
 Needs most the fifth string to refrain
 A hope upon its loss.

Oh sweet and soft and velvet A!
 A woman's heart is thine;
 A woman's love doth in thee sway
 And joy and blessings sign.
 Oh mother, maiden, wife and child!
 Oh home and loves divine!
 Ye lift from earth the deep defiled
 Because the fifth is thine.

Intense, intense impassioned E!
Oh soul of living fire!
There is a more intensity,
There is a more inspire;
The hope and strength, the joy and reach
Of spheres beyond all art,
The fifth string into thine will teach
And all will free impart.

Come! Screw up! Screw up the fifth string!
Oh keep it well in tune!
Oh live forever! Grow and sing
Within the vast commune!
To die is self to isolate!
To live is to commune!
The infinite with all will mate,
Oh keep with him in tune!

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Oh pinioned prince of heaven's wide expanse!
Oh citizen of kingdoms in the sky!
Oh dweller mid the solar lightning glance!
Oh spirit winged to soar and never die!
Oh mighty and symbolic soul! Oh high
And emblematic nature! Oh type divine
Of life's impassioned heart when it doth sigh
For liberty! Oh prophetic sign
Of those regenerated states that lie
Within the future, and yet upon us shine
The form and spirit life for which the nations pine!

Out of all things is heaven and earth and sea
 That come to men appealing in their might,
 This Union when she rose among the free
 Enfranchised nations of the world caught sight
 Of thy majestic power and chose thy bright
 Emancipation to image her desires.
 The promised hope of man's ancestral right,
 The strength and heat of liberty's own fires,
 The generations rising for the fight,
 And continents of freedom in the sires
 All fixed themselves on thee to bear their high aspires.

And thou hast borne the heart and hope and life,
 And more than these the rich maternal dream
 That brings to birth and nourishes through strife
 With noblest works as patriot prophets deem.
 And thou dost bear beyond what all may seem
 To the selfish blind and staggering nations.
 Yea, virtues more within thy bosom teem
 To lift beyond time's proud imperial stations
 Than most of thine own worshippers can theme.
 In thee is life and ideal state creations
 Whose scattered fragments lie mid time's mad desecra-
 tions.

Then, who would not pause and feed his restless eye
 Upon thy form of majesty and power?
 Thou hast dominion o'er the azure sky
 And all beneath her rich concaving bower.
 Thy flight is like a path across the hour
 Of noonday, and thy descending spirits claim
 Ascensive souls. Not the sun upon his tower,
 Nor the inter-swinging worlds, nor any fame
 Of earthly seas or mountains can cast a lower
 On thee, for elemental beings flame
 Within thy mighty heart and overflow thy frame.

Which frame is in the vast proportions
Of those mighty things that base the universe;
Thee and thy members seem distortions
To the standards that measure time's disburse.
Thou art like expansive clouds the mountains verse
Upon their summits, or some exaltation
From the deeps of plumbless ocean. The nurse
That brought thee forth to wing the wide creation
Spaces made thee a form in which to pursue
The genius of a most resourceful nation,
A most imperial form for most empyreal station.

And beauty too as great things always are
She cast within thy full and flowing heart,
Which whence doth burst the dull material bar
And splendors like the morning doth impart.
Every line swings out to strength, and scorning art
Doth rise into the solemn and sublime
Of beauty. All rainbow colors dart
From thee their happy transformations, but the prime
Armorial robe thou never long canst bart
Is the golden, golden radiance of thy clime
Which robes thy matchless form as it doth the king of
time.

Thy head is like the summit of a tower;
It rests upon thy cone-like neck as pride
Doth poise herself in an immortal hour.
Thy unconquerable beak doth deride
The service of the shield and hast denied
The all protecting helmet. Thy tail
So like a fan projecting roof doth guide
Or aid thy course wherever thou doth sail.
Just underneath thy mighty talons hide
Their steel-like prongs which tyrants do bewail,
But thou dost never use until thy patience fail.

What lightning bolts are fixed within thy eyes
 And seem behind an incandescent fire
 That all before that deep and distant lies
 Can see and search without the least desire?
 What voluminous electric coils doth wire
 Thy sinuous neck and what potentials rest
 Within the batteries that never tire
 Projecting from thy broad and bulwarked breast?
 Thy massive and torpedic frame doth sire
 The flying dreams the aeronaut has blessed,
 And all around with more than iron-clad armor dressed.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings
 That with resistless power strike mortal sight!
 When they are folded down on thee each flings
 A sense of steel resistance and doth bedight
 Thy electric muscled heart like two bright,
 Immense and most invulnerable shields.
 When extended to the width of their delight
 They seem two fans the morning spirit wields
 To chase afar the phantoms of the night;
 Two mighty wings across the azure fields
 To wake the purer wind to which the spirit yields.

But Oh thy wings! Thy mighty matchless wings!
 The wings like which imagination's hour
 Can give no image but the spirit things
 Enthroned upon the height of their immortal dower.
 The cloudy wings that doth bedight high heaven's bower
 And shade the sun upon his noonday throne,
 The massive planet wings on which our
 Own ecliptic souls have ever flown,
 The all triumphant wings that doth devour
 The passionate heart that for them ever moan
 Are bound upon thy soul and bound on thee alone.

But Oh thy wings! Thy mighty matchless wings
Of resistless omnipotential might!
On which Liberty with perpendicular springs
Doth poise herself upon the heightless height.
The wings of the world soul that with delight
Smite earth's atmospheres with such terrific strife
That by the stroke the tyrants of the night
Are stricken down as by a lightning knife!
The wings on which the everlasting right
With the passions that her fountain heart holds rife
Ascends unto her throne to rule the spheres of life!

But Oh thy wings! Thy mighty matchless wings
The wings which bear ten thousand burdened years,
And all the host of men and travailing things
Who groaned in heart and wept their crimson tears!
The wings on which the patriot's visioned spheres
Soar up the steep, resistless heights of heaven
And finds a course where never more he fears
This selfishness and these dark storms or levin!
The wings on which thy spirit when she hears
The cry of new born souls on earth with seven
Fold speed descends to them with sure and swift replevin!

But Oh thy wings! Thy mighty matchless wings!
Of deep and inconceivable delight,
On which the patriot lives, the poet sings
And all life's virtues ride upon the height!
The wings that with an all sustaining right
Doth bear aloft the state into the skies
Intact from time's contagion, and with a flight
That draweth forth the world's unfathomed cries!
Oh everlasting wings that sail the bright
Noontide dominions and yet doth higher rise
Into the altitudes that still more vitalize!

What dominions of immeasurable space are thine!
The celestial and untraveled wide expanse:
The unobstructed openness and the divine
Immortal reaches beyond all mortal glance:
A boundless length and breadth that doth entrance
The high desires that worship thee on earth:
A heightless and unthinkable advance
In the recess of heaven's solemn mirth:
A dominion far above this daily dance
Of mortal things and all we hold of worth,
Infinite, eternal and thine unto its girth.

An infinite eternal vast domain
Which the golden sun with an effulgence bright
Doth fill and flood and ever more sustain
With transcendental energies of light
What blinding radiant streams pour from the height
And steep with an immortal life each space
And power of thy possession? Oh what a sight
Of new and most majestic splendors grace
The broad horizons of morning and of night?
What rainbow dreams and golden hopes embrace
Their spirits from the sun and through thy kingdoms
race?

What etherial spirit atmospheres
Of elemental essences must feed
The youthful heart of thy victorious years?
Thy glorious all sustaining azures breed
In thee and all that hold thy sacred creed
The source and sense of immortality.
The eternal powers and infinite that lead
The earth upward with lavish impartiality
Have through thy kingdom's length and breadth been
freed.
All things that are in most intense reality
Thy kingdom feeds and thee near heaven's wide portality.

And from the earth hast thou not gathered strength?
Though like the type of European power
Thy birth and breed was in the breadth and length
Of this new continent. Long before our
History, circling thy firmamental bower
Thou didst drink the elemental energies
Of this new world. Thou didst feed thy immortal hour
With forests, mountains, plains and all that is
From sea to sea. Thy visions strong that tower
Above the strife and death of time's abyss
Fed thy impassioned heart with far prophetic bliss.

In thy young days the world soul's mighty jest
Passed into thee with those titanic powers
That sweep the earth where nature has expressed
Herself in vastest amplitudes. The towers
Where thunder storms and lightning bolts fill the bowers
Of trembling heaven were thy supreme delight
And thou didst breast the fierce tempestuous hours
Till they returned disastered from the fight.
The cyclones and the blizzard mouthed devours
Of Arctic strength did congregate their might,
Yet right into their teeth was thy unwearied flight.

The rich potentialities of strength
From these yet unconfederated states,
This protectorate of ample breadth and length
That then and now marches to what thy soul creates
For it: How oft! How often it elates
To passion's most immortal measure!
Thou sawest it before its infant dates
And sported with its elements at leisure.
Thou sawest growth and struggles with the weights
Of tyranny; and Oh thy thrills of pleasure
That this new promise held the earth's sublimest treasure!

So on the nation's bright auspicious morn
 Thou wert in glorious emancipation;
 And in thy unadopted state hadst borne
 To earth the patriot's visions of the sun
 To front the far oppressors, and thus begun
 The endless strife for man's ancestral right.
 Thou didst guide the raw colonials the one
 Enfranchised path the bravest must bedight
 With life and death. Their crimson blood did run
 Into the earth before the noonday light
 But soul rose to the sky and was with thine unite.

Upon this young republic, as on a birth
 Divine and sheltered from aristocratic
 Pride, as on the one prophetic mirth
 Of the great earth mother, thy extatic
 Visions fed themselves even with sabbatic
 And millennial dreams. As the years nursed
 The infant and the new world's emphatic
 Spirit grew up and self consciousness burst
 Within them, thou didst scorn all ancient Attic
 Greatness; and hovering above, eyed and versed
 The democratic child and fed its spirit's thirst.

But thy enraptured and delirious hour
 Was when the North arose and the earth's frame
 Trembled and convulsed beneath thy looks of power.
 Then thy presence like an embodied flame
 Swept the land and kindled in the sires tame
 Inheritors the fierce resistless fires
 Of liberty. The low obscurest name
 Rose up to manhood's high heroic ires,
 Consumed to death before the darkest shame
 That hell did ever cast on earth. The sires
 Rose up again from death with thy new fed desires.

When forth they went then at their hopeful head
Thy lightning form did into action guide,
Or down the front thy mighty wings outspread
For dearer than thy unforsaken bride
Are loyal hearts to thee. Though death did ride
Thee down at first thou art unconquerable most
When storms and strength thy mighty struggles hide.
Again! Again! Again! Against the hell supported
boast
Thy lightning face burst on them, till terrified
They fled from thee by river, plain and coast
And left thee torn but proud of thy enfranchised host.

And even yet o'er those triumphant fields
Thy spirits pause and drink the deep delight
Such place and men unto thy nature yields.
The consecrated times and spots that light
A nation's path through foul engendering night
Are ever found where the unselfish fell
To bring the freer state. Such place is bright
Forever more and there the passions swell
Unto the wide distentions of thy might.
When there we look into the azure bell
Thy form doth on us flash with most immortal spell.

Thou with a magnanimity divine
Canst look from where thy sons are in their graves,
And dost embrace within thy best design
The peoples that would build upon the slaves;
Though their empire thou didst drive beneath the waves
Of darkness, death and curse. Thy kind desire
Encompasest the selfish blind, and saves
A remnant from their self-destroying ire;
And unto these thy spirit ever craves
To breathe the best regenerating fire
Of thy immortal heart, and may it all inspire!

Thou dost sweep the boundaries of the nation,
 Along the great lakes and forty-ninth line
 Thou sailest slow with calmest meditation.
 Down the Pacific coast thy watchful eyne
 Notes every point with purposes divine.
 Across the state and gulf of Mexico
 A heavy weight upon thy spirits pine.
 But up the strong Atlantic coast the glow
 Of life in each metropolis like wine
 Renews thy heart, and there thou dost bestow
 New portions of thyself in thy soul's overflow.

Then straight across with motion calm and slow
 Thy matchless form doth stately take her way,
 And close to earth as if it fain would know
 The trifles mere that on her line doth lay.
 Thy searching eyes with their incessant play
 Sees every city, hamlet, field and stream,
 And every nook that hardly sees the day.
 From east to west as goes the golden gleam
 Of heaven and back again unto the Pilgrim's bay,
 Thy light oft goes, and more than we can dream
 Is gathered up to feed the hopes that in thee stream.

Then from the north, the vital giving north,
 Where thou dost pause and turn unto the pole
 As to invite their fury to burst forth;
 Then amply to the south but all thy soul
 Reading the earth unto its heart, and the whole
 Resourceful fund of that maternal plain
 And treasures vast of silver, iron and coal
 The mountain ranges hide in many a vein.
 From north to south and back again as roll
 The mighty waters, so thou art often fain
 To sail and full survey the nation's heart and brain.

Thy circuitous flight oft goes from state to state,
And especially where the representatives
Are council gathered to deliberate
The course and deed which has the high ascensives.
Upon some near and mighty throne that gives
Thee sun-inspection, thy penetrating eyes
Doth more than read the selfishness that lives
Behind the veil and in the slim disguise
Of freedom. The grains which thy celestial sives
Let fall are the nation's hope, nor ever dies
Out of their place in earth or place within the skies.

But thy common course is in the altitudes
Sublime of azure and the golden sun.
Upon those heights thy spirit lives and broods
Upon the nation; and more since it begun
Those circling sweeps of triumph that run
Like an ascending cone straight toward the throne
Of noonday. What victorious trophies won
From time and tyrants thine! What dreams are shown
To thy immortal visions! What nation
Like the nation thy high ideals own!
And histories divine when these have been outgrown!

Thou hast nursed the nation to its height;
Thou hast purged away the dark dismembering curse;
Thou dost supply the golden vision bright,
The far ideals upon us free unpurse.
If from such an infancy thou dost nurse
The greatness and the majesty that lends
This glory unto time and hope and verse,
It is not strange thy spirit often rends
The remnant of the ancient, ancient curse,
And with the great "to be," the present blends,
And lifts up all our hearts as thine own wide distends.

This late expansion, prosperity and peace
 Creates unrest for an earth encircling flight,
 Beyond thy states that rise in grand increase.
 Thy victorious citizen which the light
 Of thine own glorious nature doth bedight
 In giant stature, strength and character
 Now travels all the earth. The time is right
 To circumnavigate the globe and stir
 To life the slumbering nations of the night;
 To wake the dead and on the quick confer
 The blessing more divine than frankincense and myrrh.

Then once around and far aloft on high;
 With one vast sweep of all beholding sight;
 With one vast tide of feeling that fills thy
 Faith sustaining being; with one vast might
 That girds thy frame with omnipotential right,
 Then in the splendors of the setting sun
 Thou vanishest from view. But as that soul of light
 Descends the steps of heaven the watching nation
 Beholds the west so insupportably bright
 Some age anew seems gloriously begun
 Or prophecies sublime of what may yet be won.

As thou dost near the Asiatic shore
 And hoverest o'er the teeming populations
 Of life's benumbing customs from the hoar
 Antiquities, divinest agitations
 Scarcely stir for thy enthroned creations
 Are strange and far to their uplifted eyes.
 All that thou art on thy celestial stations
 Of spirit liberty can only raise
 A dumb and sightless stare. Even on such nations
 Some spirit sparks thou rainest from the skies
 Some unborn hero soul to wake and energize.

Still sailing west from thy sublime survey
Thou beholdest the bulwarked breasted tyrannies
Of Europe's far horizon. Thou obscurest day
For them, for their deformed indignities
On human kind awakes the all that is within
Within thy sunlike soul, and thy lightning dashes
Strike judgment on the crimson principalities.
In the darkness gigantic fear lashes
The throne and powers down, down to the abyss.
Within the trodden, sparkless, cindered ashes
A dream that fell from thee with life electric flashes.

But farther west; Oh what a boundless shout
Doth shake the earth! as the nations that conceived
And cradled liberty in many a route
By sea and land and mount have now relieved
The transcendental energies they received
By thy supreme and infinite delight!
Their spirits mount to thee as stones are heaved
By the titanic, omnipotential might
Of the earth's volcanic heart; or as a grieved
Liberator beholds the vision bright,
Attracted is or flies to thee upon the height.

England, the mother of the modern world,
The first defense of man's inherent right,
The Gibraltar strength that oft has hurled
The tyrants and the tyrannies of might
Into the gulf, is so shaken by the sight
Of thy congenial spirit that her foundations
Seem to break from Europe's chain of might.
By thy inspire and glorious exaltations
Even her dead arise. In armor bright
With mighty shouts that shake the elder nations
They watched the western flight of thy world ambulations.

Never yet did the morning's opening eyes
Behold the sun ascend the restless ocean
With gladder heart than when thy sons arise
To welcome thee from thy long ceaseless motion
That resteth not but with thy heart's devotion.
Traffic, pleasure, prosperity and pride
Are disenchanted, and every common notion
Doth yield its place unto the mighty tide
That swelleth up with infinite emotion.
What gratitude and admiration ride
To meet thee on thy course and follow at thy side!

Then straight to Washington: upon the cloud-
Like summit of that renowned Corinthian
Pillar raised for thee thy mighty wings are bowed
To rest again among thy closest kin.
That congregated host which thou dost win
Look not to thee with more divine desires
Than thou on them and theirs; for not within
The whole round earth are better sons and sires,
Or freer states though all are touched with sin.
Not yet are we to the height of thy aspires
Yet here thy bosom feels most kindred to thy fires.

If perchance upon a summer night
Thou lightest on a metropolitan dome,
What hosts of men would pause before the sight,
And wives and children leave the unsuppered home
To crowd the square as in the days of Rome:
What reverence and new allegiance would be shown
To thee, while on their spirits thou wouldst tome
The world's best lore. If one should thee disown,
Or by a word or look would dare uncomb
A feather from thy breast, tiger rage full grown
Would asunder instant tear the desecration shown.

Nor dost thou disdain the church. Upon her spire
That in the nearest thing to heaven on earth,
Thou often dost alight. The worshippers choir
Thy praise with next to their sublimest mirth,
Which thou acceptest well, for the church's birth
Disowns thee not but their God-victorious might
Has fought thy battles and given both the girth
And center of hell's kingdom to thy right.
Yea! When thou seekest strength and weight and worth
Thou seekest not in the nation's men of height
But in his high born sons whom God makes free and
bright.

O'er the college thou pausest in thy flight
And searchest here for those immortal hopes
Which thou canst stir with passion's golden might
To lead the state that often blindly gropes
Or staggers and is lost upon the slopes
Of life. The spirit of intelligence
Is close and kin to thee; and ever opes
The eyes and feeds the heart with such intense
Passionate devotions, that life's envelopes
Which ever blind the creatures of the sense
Can never blind her sons though storms are dark and
dense.

Here and there beneath the morning's smile
Stand bands of hopes around a virgin face.
They search the sky till through a cloud's defile
She points a speck, which found they faintly trace
Its motions. What shouts of gladness embrace
The vision new on life's young infant eyes?
But thou descendest, and thy celestial grace
Burns to the soul the soul that in thee lies.
How oft! How oft along their mortal race!
They watch the azure splendors of the skies
Where though for moments lost thy presence on them
flies.

When two score seasons into music chime
 And give the soul distentions of the years;
 With knowledge of the tyrannies of time
 And gratitude's divine unbidden tears;
 With service to thy spirit in the spheres
 And love to all that makes thee what thou art;
 With faith above whatever now appears
 They stand again and on the skies they chart
 Thy presence. Under thee a state rears
 Itself and feeds from thy divinest heart
 True spirit liberty and all thou dost impart.

Once more they stand with four-score winter snows
 Upon their heads and lift their eyes to thee,
 For in their hearts thy vital spirit glows
 And maketh age the dawn of immortality:
 Once more before they pass away to be-
 Come citizens of the cosmopolitan state
 Of strength and truth and love and purity
 That somewhere must unbosom wide its gate
 Among the stars of vast eternity,
 They solemn pause and their spirits satiate
 With thy immortal powers no night of death can weight.

As once on Gettysburg stood the one great
 Heroic figure of a hundred years,
 And round him close his ministers of state
 And soldier chiefs rejoicing though in tears:
 Aloft they looked and through a cloud of fears
 Thy form they then beheld in glorious flight
 Straight toward the sun, or toward the blinded spheres
 That brighter shine beyond the noonday's sight.
 Though blood and death upon their eyes and ears
 The prophet's eye in vastest lines of light
 Sought then to map thy course upon the boundless height.

So would the soul of the regenerated state
Which has been born and fed and fired by thee
Penetrate into the future and antedate
The triumphs and the courses yet to be.
But Oh alas! The sad infirmity
Of time's destructive selfishness doth blind
And stay the visions of eternity.
What is to be is curtained from the mind
Of wisdom and all but those who live to see;
Still deep desire within a course has signed
Of presence, power and rule among our human kind.

Drink deep! Drink deep the radiance of the morn!
Baptize thy soul in the east and western sea!
The north and south pass into thee unshorn!
Within the sun thy flight still nearer be,
And circle in the calm eternity!
The elemental essences that free
Themselves upon the azure altitudes
Oh absorb them all in thrice-fold purity!
Be thou forever throned where liberty broods
Upon the times of high futurity!
Scatter golden hopes and dreams in multitudes
To sing unto the earth millennial interludes!

Where e'er the sight of the enthroned oppressor
In all the earth shall strike thy blindless eyes:
Wherever freedom rises the redressor
To sell themselves in glorious sacrifice:
Behold! Behold! and from thy azure skies
Dart like a lightning bolt upon thy foes,
And free the accumulated judgment that flies
Like an avalanche of wrath and overthrows
The purple dynasties. Oh energize
The births divine with richest overflows
Than they have ever dreamed or strongest mortal knows!

Break thou the barriers that circumscribe
 Thy territorial lines, and emancipate
 Thy spirit's domination to every tribe
 Of the vast and guardianed globe, though their estate
 Be high or low. The whole terrestrial weight
 Of empire do thou sustain and be the breast
 And mighty heart that passion palpitates
 The citizen of the world. Be thou possessed
 Of the universal heart and thou it mate
 With the cosmopolitan kingdom of the blessed,
 Still leading up the world unto its final rest.

Then far aloft within the golden sun,
 Thy spirit's circles in a course diurnal
 Around the globe forever more Oh run!
 Rain thou upon the host the high maternal
 Inspirations to write earth's daily journal
 And nurture up the godlike mind and breast
 Of immortality. Rain! Rain the vernal
 Recreations in and round the race of unoppressed
 And liberated man. The great supernal
 Soul of splendor with pure effulgence blest
 Upon thy world and works forever more will rest.



